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“COME UP HITHER.”

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is a “higher world,” an immortal life, that we can enter as well with this opening year as by and by, when our years are finished; when destruction has done its work upon our flesh, and we are buried.

Indeed, this is one of the most radical defects in our piety, and one of the most discouraging signs in relation to our spiritual progress,—that we persist in separating the spiritual world from our present world,—heaven from earth,—as if they were antagonists by nature. When shall we leave off waiting for our celestial inheritance, and march straight in and take possession of it, by the prayer of faith, and the duty of the passing hour? When shall we truly believe that there can be no heaven of peace for us hereafter, unless we dwell in a heaven of purity here?

By the common consent of language, the movement of Christian progress is called an ascending movement; the path of increasing goodness is described as an upward path; gaining in character is climbing. We all speak of the noble and generous mind as an elevated mind; of magnanimous traits as exalted traits; of pure or devout purposes as high purposes. Paul refers to the Christian calling as the “high calling.” Virtue is thus placed on a height by the usages of speech, showing that the idea is rooted in the common mind of ages. The ancient classics con-

vey the same figure, in a heathen dress, when they locate the Temple of Fame on a mountain-top. In fact, this conception of goodness as *above*, and evil as *below*, takes innumerable forms of expression, and seems to be wrought into the very texture of our traditional beliefs. Most of the terms by which we designate moral qualities are tinged, at least, with this metaphor. Thus, heaven, the perfect world, is put above; God's throne is "lifted up;" and God himself is the "high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity." Prayers ascend: aspiration, or worship, is a breathing upward. We rise into faith. The grandest revelations of truth are made as "from above," and generally, as if to sanction the image, on the higher points of the earth, as Sinai, the Mount of Transfiguration, Zion, Calvary. Celestial voices, in days of miracle, came out of the sky. Jesus "ascended up where he was before." In the poem of the Apocalypse, the city of God is "above." So we say, on the other hand, men sink down into vice, — *fall* into temptation. Meanness, etymologically, is equivalent to lowness; depravity is base, — *i.e.*, low; hell is beneath, — "lower regions," we say; sin goes down to destruction. Owing to laws of association that we cannot now trace back, but which must have had a basis originally, these notions are universal; and this common conception of duty as a struggling *up*, and of spiritual culture as an ascent into a higher region, becomes an inspiriting thought. To overcome gravitation invigorates the energies: it rouses a worthy ambition; it stimulates effort; it inspires resolution; it appeals to our manhood, if there is any particle of manhood left extant in us; it touches just where the trumpet that calls heroes to battle touches; it stirs the blood, if the blood has not altogether turned to water, in our veins; and thrills our hearts, if those hearts are not palsied.

"Come up hither," then, is the call of Christianity, the cry of the gospel, the message of Jesus, the entreaty of the spiritual world, present, future, and eternal; and it is issued to every soul, and to all of life. Let us follow it in some of its directions, as it goes out, on the morning breath of the year, among the sons of men.

Ever since its first proclamation from the lips of Jesus in Judea, the whole spirit and influence of his religion — working in the heart of humanity, and leavening the masses of society, elevating the tone of men's sentiments and manners — has been

as if it said to *the world at large*, "Come up hither." Taking its stand above every example, on a platform higher than the prevailing tone of conduct in any age or any people, it has both urged and lifted civilization up towards its own original and divine pattern. With one hand, it has enlarged the extent of Christendom, pushing its conquests of the cross into new and untrodden territories, invading the empire of paganism with the peaceful inroads of light and love; while, with the other, it has been raising to a purer consistency the temper of Christendom itself. So it is at this moment. Abroad, among the nations, Christianity is levelling; but it creates a level by lifting all up to a higher point than is yet attained by any, — levels by an instrument that sets its standard above any station occupied yet, not by striking an average. It aims at a perfection, which, at any given moment, seems ideal, but which is constantly being proved, as time runs on, to be practical. The dream of one century it makes the fact of the next; the hope of yesterday, the realization of to-morrow; the longing of this generation, the fruition of the succeeding; the Utopia of the fathers, the actual, solid inheritance of the children. Watch its whole uplifting action on the nations, from the first moment that John the Baptist preached repentance, and the new kingdom, in the wilderness. See it giving a spring to progress, order to government, authority to law, sacredness to marriage, a blessing to labor, innocence to amusement, clearness to hope, and certainty to faith; and answer if it does not stand *over* men, bidding them "Come up hither."

The same we find to be its audible message, if we look out across the turbulent surface of the social life to-day. The injured and oppressed classes, especially in the Old-World monarchies, — the Russian serf, the Austrian victim of privilege, the Italian peasant, the French operative, the English chartist, the Irish rebel, — are all restless, because, in their ignorant and passionate nature, God has indirectly and dimly planted the germs of those principles of equality and independence which restricted immunities, hereditary titles, and royal monopolies, have striven to trample out. The citizen resists the king; the populace reckon with the nobility; mobs clamor for constitutions; those that do the work ask a share in its fruits; those that raise the corn ask to eat of the bread, — however violent, lawless, ineffectual the mode of their asking, — because the democracy of the Bible has

sent down into their unlettered minds some strong precepts of its everlasting charter of freedom. The voice that cries to all those corrupt institutions, those abusive dynasties, those iniquitous taxations, and those wronged and starving citizens, alike is, "Come up hither," through change, through penitence, through re-organized rights and better laws: come up out of tyranny to justice; out of standing armies to industry and to peace; out of despotic inequalities to republican liberty; out of luxury and starvation — side by side, in mournful contrast and reciprocal ruin — to simplicity, temperance, and righteousness. So also it speaks to whatever frauds pollute, or oppressions deform, our better system; more heedful, in some things, of its command, but sadly imperfect yet. It speaks to the despot here to come up out of his selfishness to the rectitude of nature and the mercy of humanity, dropping his scourge; it calls the degraded tribes of intemperance and lust to come up out of their degradation to the glory of the divine image; it calls all that are crushed by the hard-heartedness of their fellows to come up out of bondage to self-ownership, to the dignity of the Lord's freemen, — to be kings and priests unto God. Thus, to every abject class or individual in the world's society, — doomed to darkness, and, through darkness, to crime, shut out from improvement, and so shut in to depravity; to the millions that sigh, all over the earth, under evils they were not meant to bear, — Christ says, "Come up hither."

Again: Christ makes the same invitation to the moral as well as the social and civil condition of the world; and, to begin at the lowest grade of that condition, he makes it to those in whose besotted hearts hardly the faintest traces of their primitive innocence are left. To these, staggering under their awful load, — the dissolute, the lustful, the cruel, the malicious, the criminal, the brutish, — he speaks; for he was always the friend even of publicans and sinners, and came to call them, not the righteous, to repentance. He speaks to them; and, far down in their misery, they can hear some faint whisper of his gracious words, "Come up hither:" come out of your dens of dissipation; out of your wretched orgies of sensual indulgence; out of your cellars of filth, and your garrets of infamy; and, not less, out of your gilded chambers, decorated and garnished outwardly, but gloomier than dead men's sepulchres to the light of the soul; where reckless vice

makes empty hearts, blights truthful love, stabs reputation, tortures friendship, turns earth into hell, — out of all these, up into the infinitely nobler and happier realm of a virtuous self-control, a spiritual peace, the strength of principle, a fellowship with the good, and a sonship to God. He calls the captive out of the dungeon of his appetites, — a dungeon where souls are suffocated and perish as truly as those bodies that we have read of, huddled together and smothered in the horrible hold of slave-ships; out of the serpent-coil of the passions, till every link of bad habit has been broken and dropped off, because the regenerate one feels that he also is a man, and *can* "come up" to the dignity of his immortality.

Pass one step from this darkest state of the soul, and see the same message delivered to a class only a little way removed from that. There is a state where existence is valued only for the temporary pleasures that can be got out of its successive hours, and is surveyed only with the superficial eye of worldly speculation, — a state of thoughtless gayety and unsanctified merriment, where the deep significance of probation is never understood; the holiest lessons of life are never studied; the profoundest secrets never fathomed; spiritual truth is never comprehended, nor even cared for; where wedlock is considered only as an alliance of convenience, lightly entered, and then trifled with and wasted, or turned into a weapon of torment; home as a decent retreat when fashion or dissipation has gorged the spirits to satiety, or else as a becoming avenue into respectable circles; where the being a parent of children is held only as an endowment with transient playthings, instead of a solemn commission to an immortal trust; the baptismal ordinance as hanging only an amulet of earthly safety about the infant's neck; the church as an appendage to commerce and the week, instead of the fountain-head of all their blessings, and the sanctioner of their pursuits; where life, discharged of all responsibility, becomes an empty show; and social observance, stripped of the breathing lungs and beating pulse of real affections, shrivels into a naked skeleton, — a state like a palace rifled of its royalty, and only walls and hangings left; a perpetual dancing-hall, festooned with flowers, glittering with ornament, and resounding with hollow mirth, and illumined with meteoric lights; but built on a shadow, "all heart eaten out of it by the worm of vanity and sin," and ready to dissolve, like the

baseless fabric of a vision, at the breath of the rebuking providence of God. Such a state there is: who has not beheld it? Christ, through his ennobling religion, calls you out of it; says, "Come up hither," into a truer, more vital, serener life; into reflective wisdom; into a cheerful piety; into a consistent holiness,—up into rational enjoyments and disinterested duties; into a sure heritage and everlasting satisfactions,—up into that joyous household of faith, of which Jesus is the corner-stone, and virtue the atmosphere, and love the light, and penitence the gate of entrance, and principle the binding arch,—up into "the city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

A step farther, and we hear the same divine Master still proclaiming his entreaty upward. To the simply selfish (are there not some of us who serve under that command?), — to those of us who are careful only for our comforts, and ready to sell our truth and singleness and honor, though perhaps we dare not advertise them openly, for the dross of wealth and ease,—the Redeemer, from the cross of his own suffering, says, "Come up hither," where self-renunciation, stern master as it is, looks like a generous and merciful conqueror; where pain and loss for others' sake wear a divine attraction, and toil and sacrifice for the renewing of the sinful a fascination that charms the soul,—up where you could cut off a right hand for conscience' sake, or pluck out a right eye, rather than be led by it into shame. Out of selfish ease come up; out of slothful comfort; out of luxurious indolence. Come, children of affluence and favorites of fortune! come: climb, by the rough, steep cross, to the heights of a heavenly glory. Lay aside the vesture of purple and fine linen; divide the mantle of your abundance with the unclad sons of penury; welcome the stirring aspirations for disinterested usefulness. By the cross, by self-denial,—for He who first mounted by the path has told you there is no other way,—"come up hither," — up, and reign, in a royalty that has a divine right, over your own self, till your whole mind is your kingdom, and every desire the willing vassal of your dominion.

There is a condition where Christian discipleship is professed, but only in lifeless ceremonies and unmeaning forms, not put into warm and earnest practice; where the spirit of religion is killed by the letter; where the services of worship are plodded through, while the heart is cold, or its ardent affections are given

elsewhere. And this is the frame of lukewarm believers and nominal Christians, the most formidable and subtle enemies the truth has had to encounter in all ages; traitors in its camp, who have a name to live, but are spiritually dead. Get thee up, says the searching summons of your Lord, — up out of that dull, cold, sluggish mockery of piety; that heartless pretence; that compulsory eye-service; that slavish toil at the wheel of custom, grinding blindfold for man's fear or favor, — up where worship becomes a glorious privilege; where the knees bend in prayer because they love to; where penitence makes spontaneous confessions, and the awakened heart cannot keep back its incense of gratitude; where obedience is transfigured into lordship, and humility puts on a crown, — up from the flat stupor and the prosaic story of your days, — up where deeds of heroism set your heart in a glow, and visions of the better life kindle transports of resolution, — up where Christ could say, "Now is the Son of man glorified," though the agony of the crucifixion stood plain before his eyes, — up where you, too, could die for Truth, and follow her through good report and evil report, for her own blessed sake, and the honor of her God.

This is no abstract, unreal, imaginary message or influence: it is among the most solid, practical realities of our life. That is only a melancholy and degenerate mood in which we are sceptical about it. Be sure, if you doubt these loftier visitings of the Spirit, these upward tendencies of the soul when Christ is allowed to be formed within it, then you are beginning to sink under the false and perilous grasp of the world. It is a certain indication that the senses, your business, society, or some inferior agency, has begun to tamper with your innocence, and unspiritualize your character. Nothing in life, nothing in human experience, nothing on earth or in heaven, is more actual than the constant invitation of the Son of God, "Come up hither," unto salvation, unto holiness, unto life eternal.

Nor is that call confined to any one form of expression or any one organ of utterance. The message comes to us through things animate and inanimate; through events; through institutions; through the lives of some men, and the words of others. God can make every sound in nature his language, — put his revelations into every object, as men put light into a dwelling. He can make the dullest and meanest clod radiant with a hea-

venly lesson, and choose any creature for his messenger. Now by some living voice, and then by the silent example of the greatly good : to one by a thoughtful train of quiet meditations, — the musing of some solemn hour, when the world and its noise have removed themselves afar, and left the spirit alone with its God ; to another by a striking providence in the midst of the throng and action of the multitude : to you by a friend's whisper ; to your neighbor by warnings loud as thunder : to some by their afflictions and losses ; to others by their favors and successes ; to all by the written word of God, the Bible, and the church of Christ, — does the solemn entreaty urge its persuasions on the heart, — " Come up hither," into more righteous habits ; into an expanded and holier enterprise ; into larger views of duty ; into the works of piety ; into regeneration, improvement, and hope.

Sooner or later, it sounds, like the note of a clarion, in the ears of every business and every class. It says to them that dig for gold, Come up, and see that wisdom is better than rubies, — come, and gather the true riches, and lay up the treasures that never perish nor wax old ; to the ambitious devotees of learning and fame, Come up, out of your strifes and jealousies, into the honor that proceeds from God only, and into generous co-operation with your brethren ; to men of traffic, Come up out of the fraudulent practices that avarice tempts you to, — up out of all dishonest customs and disgraceful maxims and deceptive transactions, into integrity, into honorable dealing, into fair and open avenues to prosperity, the region of the golden rule, — up where the scales of justice hang even, and lawful gains leave an unsullied conscience, — up on to the platform of absolute, uncompromising, godlike right ; to the young, Come up into the homes of noble companionships, the charmed circles of innocence, the pure and mighty principles of truth and faith, which shall be a breastplate and a joy to you as long as you live ; to the sick, Come up into patient submission ; to the bereaved, Come up into a living belief in immortality ; to them that are careful and troubled about many things, full of anxieties, distressed with perplexities, and overwhelmed with doubts, Come up hither, into the sphere of unclouded trust, — up where all solicitudes are merged in full reliance on the Infinite Rectitude and Mercy.

Did we hear this call of our Master ; did we listen, eagerly,

habitually, and reverently, for all these animating exhortations of our religion, — our lives would be more satisfying; our dwelling-place here would have fewer sorrows, and those be sooner healed; our pilgrimage would be through a less barren country, over a less tiresome road; trouble would have fewer stings, obstacles less terror to our courage; our spirits would feel less lonely, less despondent, less weary with toil; the earth would seem less like a wilderness, less distant from heaven, its pleasures less transitory, its glory less vain, and the passage out of it less dark.

Do we sufficiently consider what a privilege it is to be thus spoken to, by such a Master, with such a message? what an inheritance we are permitted to enter, where such voices are all around us? We need not long and sigh, before our time, for the world to come, however hard our lot. Even here there is room for the air of heaven, and a foretaste of its rest. The tabernacle of God is with men. Even here the blessed fellowship of saints and prophets, of martyrs and apostles, of Christ and the Father, is thrown open to us: the feast is spread, and the invitation is sent out to us. We are all bidden guests, if we will but put on the wedding-garment of goodness. Even here Wisdom has hewn her pillars, and builded her temple. The morning of the resurrection has hung out its shining banners on these outer walls. The angels' anthem of the nativity, whose repeated echoes are still ringing in our ears, — "Peace on earth," — is the chant that has opened its service; all of life is the sermon; all of faith is the praise; all of God's revelations are the scripture; and the sentence, "Come, ye blessed of my Father! inherit the kingdom prepared for you," is its benediction, falling for ever round the world. The Mediator's Spirit, the Comforter, spreads his healing wings over its altar. He invites all his erring and tempted and striving followers to gather under its shelter; to cast down their burden; to offer the sacrifices of righteousness; to confess, and be forgiven there.

Our finite days, weeks, years, come and go. A new year has taken us already into its train, and is sweeping us on. There is no more appropriate sentiment to take with us, and march with into the work yet before us, — the tasks that wait our labor, and the harvest that is white for our reaping, — than this inspiring one, — "Come up hither," to all that is noble and pure: come

up into that spiritual eternity, where years of conflict have no beginning, and days of glory no end ; where all divisions of time are lost in the fulness of His presence who is “ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”

THE ANGEL-BLESSING.

CHAPTER I.

THERE never was a prettier little white cottage built among the Moorland Hills than the one in which Amy Laurence presided as mistress, wife, and mother ; there never were sweeter roses nor brighter faces, more laughing sunshine nor softer shades, more cooling waters nor more wholesome breezes, than those with which this pretty little woman was favored ; and she herself was a nice, trig little body, industrious, a dweller at home, and one who in the main intended to do her duty. Her husband was kind and thoughtful, providing well for his household, and attentive to his business. Three children graced their board, — a son of twelve years, a daughter of ten, and one little boy of five.

But Amy, though she saw and loved all these, did not realize how much she possessed. The cares which these treasures brought with them weighed heavily on her heart ; gloom often sat on her brow ; and the little flowers of life she most unwittingly trod under her feet : the fretful word was too often uttered, and never failed to chase away the smile from some heart. Amy sighed : she knew not for what she sighed. Things often troubled her in her kitchen, her little parlor, and her own private room. Even her prayers were disturbed by restless thoughts ; and the sanctuary itself received but the worship of the divided and unsatisfied heart.

One afternoon, Amy sat alone by her cottage-door, sewing diligently on a suit of clothes for her youngest boy. The cheery sound of the teakettle, as it made itself ready for the evening meal, struck on her ear ; but it had no pleasant sound for her. “ Ah ! ” said she, “ how vexatious ! They will all be home soon ; and I have had so many hinderances, that I cannot finish the

work I intended before tea. Bobby had to be washed and combed, Jennie's work must be fixed, and so many other things had to be done; and this is the way I live." Upon this, our little house-keeper laid aside her work, and prepared to arrange the simple meal. Soon the husband and children joined her. Her table was neat, her cloth of the whitest hue, her bread sweet and light, her butter and her cheese excellent of their kind; and all around the table would be happy and satisfied, if but the mother could be so too.

The hour of sunset arrived with a loveliness to touch every heart; but the mother's work was not quite done. Beside her stood her graceful boy, and noble too, though some of his occupations were of the humblest kind. Amy stood over the pail of pure white milk which Walter had just brought in; and, as she strained it into her nice shining pans, she exclaimed with a sigh, "Ah! 'when will my work be done? Life is all wear and tear.'" Sadly the boy looked down, but soon looked up again with a smile, and a kiss for his mother's cheek, saying gently, "Forget these thoughts, mother!"* Even she could not resist the simple wisdom of the child.

"Do you ever read fairy-books?" said she to him. "I was once very fond of them. I often wish now I could see a good fairy. If there is any such thing as being helped out of my troubles, I half believe one might do it for me."

"Perhaps so," said the boy; and together they walked out into the sweet little garden to the little bed of flowers, where the other children were busily weeding, though Bobby bore but an indifferent part in that work.

The evening stole silently on: the house was perfectly still, as each young head reposed on its pillow. The chorus of soft voices, as they sung "Our Father in heaven," had passed away. The father sat quietly reading in the little parlor; and Amy had taken her last look for the night at the gentle sleepers. She had bent over the crib of her youngest darling, and heard his full, regular breathing as a mother alone listens. She had seen her fair-haired girl at rest, and bent over the brow of her eldest boy, touched with his beauty, though she knew not fully those deep things of God which lay enshrined in that young heart.

* This was said, by a little boy of seven years, to his mother, who spoke to him of some perplexities of mind.

Amy sat alone by her southern window. She had laid aside the garments of the day; and it seemed that the white robe which now infolded her might have been that of peace. The full moon was shining, with the quietest lustre, on the hills and valleys, and upon the pure sheet of water, which reflected back heaven from its depths. Amy gazed silently and thoughtfully upon this beautiful emblem of what life should be, — the *Christian* life; but she felt that she knew not its mysteries.

Just then, a pure white cloud appeared in the azure above, — such a cloud! what mother's eye has not seen it? — and with it came that angel face. What mother's heart turns away? Softly she felt it breathe these words upon her ear: "Thy heart is known above. Obey my promptings, and the richest boon shall be thine. Seek thy pillow, and in a dream I will speak to thee."

CHAPTER II.

God's early light shone upon the hills; and Amy, refreshed by sleep, and impressed by the mysterious communings of the night, kneeled, in the silence, of her chamber, before her open casement. It was an eastern window; for she was one of those favored ones who receive the first beams of the day. She opened the holy book: her eye fell upon the words, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." A new consciousness stole over her, and she did pray. Gently her husband came in, and seated himself by her side. He held in his hand one of those books of devotion with which he was wont to vary the morning services at the household altar. "Prayer unlocks the blessings of the day," he read so feelingly; and Amy listened as she had seldom listened before. "'Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' And what is the yoke, and the burden, of which the holy *Jesus* speaks? The performance of the simple duty of the hour in the spirit of love and humility." Then, with simple fervor, he raised his eyes, and said, "O God of our spirits! keep us from falling, from sloth, from stopping short of our highest measure of usefulness and blessing, — our highest and truest development and destiny."

The sounds of glee were soon heard in the adjoining rooms. Bobby's head appeared above the crib-side, and his merry eye spoke the exuberance of health. First the bath and dressing, then the breakfast; and all were ready for the work or the play of the coming day.

Slowly the summer months passed away, and Amy often recalled that sweet night-vision when the gentle tones of the heavenly messenger seemed to fall on her ear; but the conditions of the promised boon were far more difficult than she had supposed before she had studied her own emotions. Often she failed; but sometimes she felt the sweet consciousness that she was partaking of the blessing. Often, as she replaced the neatly mended garment in its drawer, or finished ironing the last ruffle for Bobby, or stopped, in her haste, to tie up the straggling shoe-string for that little foot, and, still more, when she suppressed the fretful word or checked the irritating complaint, she knew, in the lightness of heart which rewarded her, that the promise would not fail, if she were herself but true. Sunshine broke in, at many a little nook, upon husband and children, where they had expected only clouds.

CHAPTER III.

"Smooth the pillow, Jennie," said the anxious mother, while she raised the cup to the pale lips of her boy, "and then I will lay him quietly down."

Night after night, and day after day, did this watchful father and mother bend over the couch of the sufferer; bathing the fevered brow, and listening to the hurried breathings and tremulous murmurs of their unconscious charge. The family physician pronounced his symptoms very unfavorable. "If the Father hath need of him, shall we not meekly give him up?" Ah, the love stronger than death! How intense the anguish before it can say, with the whole heart, "Thy will, not mine, be done"! But, at last, it is said. The last gentle breathing has ceased, and God moves in the depths of the mourner's spirit. The mother feels that the promised boon is there.

On the pillow'd couch now reposes the gentle form of the first-born. Immortality breathes from every feature, and the love of the heavenly Father seems to infold him visibly. Thenceforth

the home is sacred. God speaks in the wind, smiles in the sunlight, breathes in the stars. Beautiful is the home of affliction; for it is filled with the invisible.

A new grave was made, and the peaceful sleeper was placed there, — the beloved dust; but, to the believer's heart, the angel stood by the sepulchre beside them. "He is not here: he is risen." What heart can tell the holy vows, the deeds of mercy, the words and prayers of love, which shall spring up from each lowly grave of the beloved?

Winter came and went. Mr. and Mrs. Laurence pursued their accustomed occupations. The stranger would see little change in the home. It is true, there were the unoccupied room, the few unopened books, the knife, the slate, the inkstand and pen, and the many little things treasured up, which boys alone know the value of. And there was the precious clothing, some of it; though here and there a little boy of the neighborhood wore some familiar article, which Amy reverently thought, as she gave it to the child, must surely make the wearer more holy and more pure. But, by and by, Bobby would have this room, and study these books, and perhaps wear some of these clothes. And so it might seem all things should go on as before. "But no," thought Amy: "thank God, *never!* My boy shall be with me still," as the choking sorrow pressed upon her heart; "and may the Father sanctify me wholly!" And she felt, as she moved about her dwelling, while all duties seemed clothed with a celestial light, that the precious boon was more and more her own. It is true, worldly care and perplexity would often intrude upon her heart, and then it would seem that she was in darkness; but some un-studied word of her little boy, or some sweet memory of the past or evil overcome, would bring the inspiration back again to her heart.

CHAPTER IV.

"Do you not think Mrs. Meredith must be very happy?" said Jennie to her mother, as they sat in their little piazza under the climbing rose-vines. Jennie, as she said this, was thoughtfully tracing, with her many-tinted worsteds, a simple pattern upon the canvas, to ornament a pair of slippers for a friend; while the mother sat with a piece of plain needlework in her hand. Jennie turned her sweet, cheerful look upon her mother's face, expres-

sive of her own contented lot. "I do not mean, mother dear, that I am not perfectly satisfied with my own situation; but yet I think it a pleasant thing to have plenty of money for travelling, for many elegances about the house, — pictures, books, good teachers for learning accomplishments, as well as the useful acquisitions."

This was not said by Jennie at ten years, but at sixteen; up to which time her mind had been rapidly unfolding, and her character developing itself, as few have an opportunity to do at this day.

"Yes, my dear daughter," said Mrs. Laurence, "it is very true. It is a privilege to have the control of money. The things that you have mentioned are desirable. Wealth is, in itself, good. It is one of the talents which are intrusted to our care for wise and useful ends. It is not well often to discuss characters, unless you can make full allowance for the good that is in them. But are you sure that Miss Meredith understands the value of her advantages, and the importance of her position?"

"Indeed, mother," said Jennie, "she has many valuable books; she sings and plays; she visits and travels a good deal; she receives a great deal of company; she makes pretty presents, and does many little things for the poor."

"And this may be, dear Jennie. But here is your father coming to the gate. You may ask him what he thinks of the use of wealth, and its power to confer happiness, while I go and take little Lily from her cradle." And so the mother went to her child, who had scarcely seen three summers, and who was the pet of the whole house.

The father looked thoughtfully at the young being by his side, who was eagerly studying the drama of life.

"I once thought and questioned much upon these subjects," said he; "and, in my occupation, I have had an opportunity to make something of an estimate of the real value of wealth: but, among those who possess it, I find very few who understand it." The father then spoke of the importance of studying, as individuals, first our necessities for sustaining nature, and for giving the intellectual and spiritual culture which all *must* have in an enlightened age; then the means we *may* have for promoting our inward growth to the *highest degree*, without neglecting the ability for usefulness, which should never be forgotten. A small fortune *may* do many of these things; a large one *must* do them,

unless he who possesses it would sin against the nature God has given him. "But, my daughter, I have something to say to you which it is necessary that you should be fully aware of; and I well know that your heart and your understanding are strong enough to enable you to go cheerfully forward and accommodate yourself to outward circumstances. I have been unfortunate in business. To be perfectly honest and honorable, I must give up nearly all I have. Can you, my daughter, give up your Moorland home, and exchange it for a small tenement in the city, where I may begin anew my business, and, by a strict economy, support those dependent upon me?"

Jennie's earnest eye was bent piercingly upon her father; her cheek did become more pale, and her lip slightly quivered. There was a moment's silence. She then answered firmly, "Father, I can; but my mother, and you,—how can you leave a spot so sacred and so beautiful?"

He rose, and stood before her with an expression she never forgot, answering to hers. "Your mother and I *can do it*. It is the will of God."

Amy sought her room for the last time. It was one of those radiant mornings when Nature seems to breathe forth nothing but cheerfulness and hope. Amy knelt again before her eastern window. A thousand memories rushed to her heart; a thousand hopes, now transplanted to heaven, came to her spirit. She looked upon the still waters, conscious of their beautiful teachings. Her heart still went up with thankfulness for the rays which had so often blessed her from behind the shade of that old elm. "Our home is in the heavens," said she; and she felt the divine blessing spreading itself through her whole being, and almost enveloping her in its mantle of strength.

She joined her family, grateful that she took with her so many of "the jewels of the affections;" and her own door closed upon her for ever.

CHAPTER V.

A coal fire blazed brightly in the grate of old Mrs. Stanley, who sat quietly knitting, and warming her velvet slippers. By her side sat a little girl, busily engaged with her patchwork, only now and then lifting her eyes to the face of her kind friend, as

she entertained her with tales of other days. Soon the door opened, and a young woman, closely wrapped in her shawl, entered the parlor. She was evidently much struck with the air of comfort and luxury which the room bespoke. She could not forbear contrasting it with her own home, but without repining; for she well knew that her own possessed all the necessaries. She could not wonder, however, that the little Lily was so fond of visiting the good lady, who had boundless resources for entertaining her young visitor, beside conferring many more substantial benefits.

"I have come to thank you, dear Mrs. Stanley, and to take my little sister home with me before dark."

The little cloak and bonnet were quickly put on, and a nice basket was filled with oranges and figs for the invalid at home.

The wind blew pretty cold as Jennie and her sister threaded the streets and alleys of the city: but their hearts were light and hopeful; and they climbed the narrow stairs that led to their humble home with as elastic a step as any that "treads the mazy dance." They opened the door of a very obscure but neat little room; and there, too, burned a most cheerful little fire; and there sung a cheery little teakettle; and there sat a most bright-looking boy, reading by his lamp the small newspaper, which he procured with his own money, by the side of the sofa where his mother lay. The sweet young Lily threw her arms round her mother's neck, and kissed her; while Jennie employed herself very busily in making tea and toasting bread for the family.

The mother's look was fixed intently upon her son. Thoughts full of prayer were most earnestly ascending for his well-being; that a true manliness of spirit might be cherished within him; that he might possess the only true object of ambition, — greatness of soul.

It was a beautiful day in September, — one of those peculiar states of the atmosphere when the air seems filled with spirit, and we feel that we have a foretaste of heaven. Our little group were in the country, where Amy's heart always dwelt. She lay on a couch of perfect whiteness, where she could look out upon the setting sun. All about her was quiet. The little girl sat at the door, arranging her freshly gathered autumn flowers. Bobby, the jovial Bobby, had subdued his whole nature, and was sitting

near his mother, looking most affectionately upon her countenance. The holy book lay on his knee. He had just given a solemn pledge to that best friend, in answer to her earnest wish. "Take not for pleasure," said she, "the first drop of the intoxicating cup. Turn away resolutely from the snares of the impure, and think no evil. Plant constantly the good in your heart, and trust in God and your own resolutions."

And Jennie was there, not busily occupied, as usual, but gathering up for future hours all those nameless little things which are scattered like manna for the loved one.

The husband and father was there; and Amy felt his arm winding about her in her last hours; and the children felt the sunshine of his presence, and were glad through their tears. And other loved ones were there. So thin was the veil to the mother's eye, that she *knew* them to be there; and many a mystic tone came to her ear that night; and so many sweet visions did she behold, — such as the dying, we believe, often know, — that she longed for power to impart more fully what she so enjoyed.

She asked for water, that pure element which the sick so often crave. It was given; and she sunk back upon her pillow, when a gentle sleep stole over her. Long had she possessed the promised boon; and on her features lay, most lovingly impressed, the divine peace.

L.

PENITENCE.

A CONTRITE and a broken spirit,
O my God ! thou'l not despise :
Let me, then, from this deep anguish,
With a solemn joy arise.

To the cross I have insulted,
To the cross I would adore,
Weeping, trembling, hoping, fainting,
I will lift mine eyes once more.

Father, — just and merciful !
Jesus, — tenderest, truest Friend !
Aid me in this great life-battle ;
Guide me to a holy end ; —

Teach me still with steadier struggle
 Every passion to subdue;
 Temper love with heavenly wisdom;
 Make me strong, and keep me true.

Gently, fairly, firmly, wisely,
 May I tread the toilsome way;
 Leaning on thy gracious promise,
 Waiting the eternal day.

E. D. H.

CAMBRIDGE REPORT.

THE RELATION OF THE ATONEMENT TO HOLINESS.

A SERMON BY REV. S. W. S. DUTTON, OF NEW HAVEN.

[We can do our readers no better service than to reprint entire Rev. Mr. Dutton's *Concio ad Clerum*, delivered before the General Association of Connecticut last July. It must be borne in mind, that it received the evident and full approbation of that rather orthodox body; though we are aware that to mention this circumstance will prejudice its reception with some persons whose liberality is rather in name than in reality. Others will not fail to be nourished by the truths it so fervently proclaims, finding something there that meets their hearts, and gratified by the encouragement it gives to the hope that clear and consistent statements shall yet be found out for vital theological doctrines, in which earnest Christian believers can agree. Here and there, amidst the gathering and glowing grandeur of that sublime harmony which is yet to blend the praises, and voice the faith, of reconciled sects, some little shriek of discord is heard, both on one side and the other, petulantly protesting that the promises are illusory, that the unity is as far off as ever, and the occasion for quarrel perpetual. It is good to collect and present the evidences to the contrary. Besides those that are public, there is a private volume of them accumulating, from which the seals will some time be taken off by the Providence that orders history.]

ROM. iii. 25, 26, and 1 PER. ii. 24: "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness; that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness."

It has sometimes been said, of late, that the doctrine of the atonement, as held by ministers and churches denominated evangelical, is destitute of power and fruitfulness; that it exhausts itself in maintaining abstract and barren ideas of the divine justice; and has little influence to draw men from sin to holiness, and carry

them forward in the course of goodness, — little influence to reconcile them to God by winning them to loyalty toward him and sympathy with him. I have reason to think that it was with reference to this fact that the subject was given; and that the design of those who gave it was, not that I should undertake to survey all parts of a subject so broad and general, but rather that I should discuss this particular relation of the atonement to holiness; viz., its *relation to the production of holiness in men, — the atonement as a recovering and sanctifying power.*

I have selected, therefore, for a text two passages of the Sacred Scriptures, which declare the objects and the nature of the atonement.

Those objects, as thus declared, are two. First, to lay a satisfactory ground of forgiving and justifying — treating as if just — the repentant and believing sinner (that God might be just, and the justifier of him who believeth in Jesus); and, secondly, to move men from sin to goodness (that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness).

The second object will be the chief topic of this discourse; and the first will be brought into view, only because, and so far as, it bears on the second, or is necessary suitably to set forth the second. For the same reason, the nature of the atonement, as indicated by the text, will be considered with brevity; since it is necessary for us to have in view what the atonement is, in order that we may see and set forth its sanctifying power.

It is well, in stating the atonement, to distinguish between the *fact* and the *theory*. The fact of the atonement is this, — that Jesus Christ, God manifest in the flesh, by his life and his death, and especially by his death, has constituted a just ground of divine pardon for penitent and believing sinners, — has done that with which sinners, if repentant and loyal, may be justly pardoned, and without which, sinners, though repentant and loyal, cannot be justly pardoned. In this general statement of the *fact* of atonement, all who are properly denominat^{ed} evangelical agree; and this, it may be added, is all that is essential, as it respects the atonement, to real and trustworthy orthodoxy.

When we come to the statement of the *theory* or *philosophy* of the atonement, of how it is that the life and death of Christ renders it just for God to forgive the penitent and believing sinner, we find light indeed in the Scriptures, but not enough to

secure, as yet, a uniform belief among those who honestly receive the Scriptures as the word of God. Among the diverse theories on this point, that which seems to me most accordant with the scriptural testimony, and with those principles of ethics, government, and reason which the Scriptures imply and confirm, while most benign in its bearing on the minds and hearts of men, is that which has been substantially held in New England by our denomination for the last sixty or seventy years; viz., that the sacrifice of Christ renders God just in the pardon of the sins of the repentant, by being substituted for the remitted penalty, as an equivalent expression of the divine displeasure at sin, and thus of the divine regard for the law, which forbids sin; or, to go one step farther back, an equivalent expression of those divine attributes, particularly the divine justice, which dictated and found manifestation in the divine law and its penalty.

If I should venture upon any criticism on the manner in which this theory of atonement has been stated and advocated, I should say that it lays too exclusive stress on the death or sacrifice of Christ, and does not give its due place to his life of obedience to the law; which has been represented as a *sine qua non* to the atonement, as necessary to render Christ a fit person to make an atonement, rather than a part of the atonement itself; at least, such has been the representation since the time when the doctrine was relinquished, that the obedience of Christ takes the place of our lack of obedience, while he bears, by his sufferings, the punishment of our positive transgressions, which are imputed to him, — a doctrine relinquished, because founded sometimes on an impossible transfer of moral acts and qualities, and always upon an unreal distinction between lack of obedience and positive transgression.

Surely, if the atonement be regarded in its broadest statement, as such a manifestation of God's *regard for the law*, such an honoring of the law by him, as renders it just and safe to pardon penitent transgressors of the law, then Christ's obedience to the law was an important part of it; for that obedience certainly contributes greatly to magnify the law, and make it honorable. The fact that God manifested himself in flesh, and, here among men, put himself under the law, and gave to it, amid great trials and strong temptations, a uniform, patient, perfect, and loving obedience, — this truly is a most impressive indication of his regard

for the law, fitted to fill the minds of all with strong convictions of its sacredness in his sight.

It is true, however, that the sacred writers, in setting forth the propitiatory work of Christ, lay the *chief* stress upon his death, his blood, his sufferings, his sacrifice; and very appropriately: for they are the most signal and impressive expression of the divine feeling, and they have a more palpable fitness to take the place of that which is remitted in pardon; viz., the penalty of the law, the divine expression in the law of displeasure at sin. Still, it seems that our theology, more than the Scriptures, confines Christ's atoning work to his sufferings; does not as it ought, or as fully as do the Scriptures, convey the idea that the whole life of Christ on earth was a magnifying and honoring of the law, desecrated by sin; that his whole earthly existence was *redemptive*, from his incarnation to his death, from the time when the angelic song of his nativity charmed the shepherds of Bethlehem, to the time when on the cross, amid the rending of rocks and the veil of the temple, and the rising of the dead, he cried, "It is finished!" and gave up the ghost.

It has sometimes been said that Christ suffered incidentally, and died an ignominious death, rather than depart from the errand of quickening and recovering mercy on which he was sent; that his sufferings and death were encountered *on the way* to some end, separate from expression of the divine justice. If by this it is meant that God had an object, in making the atonement, *beyond the atonement itself*,—viz., to secure the holiness and pardon of sinful men,—that is not only true, but very important. The atonement was not made, at such an immense cost, simply for its own sake, or as a mere pageant, for the mere purpose of exhibiting God's justice. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." The holiness and blessedness of his creatures is the ultimate object God aims at in the atonement, and in all his measures both of law and of grace.

But if it be meant by such language that Christ did not come *on purpose to offer himself a sacrifice for sin*; if it be meant that, on his way to recover men from sin to holiness and God, it happened to him to die, and that, if he had escaped death, his object would have been accomplished, — then a serious error is meant, even a denial that the sacrifice of Christ was necessary to constitute

a ground of pardon, and that he came to die for that purpose. The language of the apostle asserts, by the strong method of implication, that God *could not be just* in the remission of sins, without this propitiatory sacrifice of his Son. Christ himself said, "The Son of man *came*, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and *to give his life a ransom* for many." "This is my blood," said he, "shed for many for the remission of sins." Remember his language when he spoke in anticipation of his death: "Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour: but *for this cause came I* unto this hour." Moreover, the whole account of what transpired in the garden and on the cross, the shrinking and prostration of his spirit, his exceeding and overwhelming sorrow, his "sweat as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground," his agonized cries and complaints,—all this, so contrasted with the conduct of Paul when near martyrdom, ready to be offered, moved by no sufferings, counting not his life dear; so contrasted with the heroic and triumphant bearing of many martyred Christian men and women,—is utterly inconsistent with the idea that he only met incidentally with a martyr's death,—is utterly inconsistent with any other idea than that expressed by the Scriptures, when they say that his soul was made "an offering for sin." No: Christ came to seek and to save the lost indeed,—to bring them to God's forgiveness and favor, and into sympathy with him and likeness to him. But it was essential to their forgiveness that there be laid a *just ground* of forgiveness. Without that, the sinful could not be forgiven and favored by God, even if it turned from sin to holiness. This essential thing Christ came on purpose to do; and *by doing this, in virtue of doing this*, he comes to the sinful with the most powerful and influential of all motives to recover them from sin, and sanctify them in the likeness of God: which leads me to the second topic, upon which it is time to enter.

The design and influence of the atonement to make men righteous or holy,—the topic expressly contained in the second part of the text: "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, *being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness.*"

Every attentive reader of the Scriptures must have noticed that a large proportion of those passages which refer to the death, the blood, the sacrifice, the offering of Christ, declare, directly or in-

directly, that this was the object or design. Some have already been adduced in other connections, which, for brevity's sake, I will not repeat here, but will trust your memories for them. There are many others, some of which should be adduced.

"Even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word; that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." "For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your consciences from dead works to serve the living God?" "By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me (this he said, signifying what death he should die). "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers, but with the precious blood of Christ." "And you that were some time alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled, in the body of his flesh through death, to present you holy and unblamable and unreprovable in his sight."

The same design of Christ's sacrifice is indirectly declared in many instances, wherein it is used as a most persuasive argument for holiness. "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." "For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." "Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savor."

There is one declaration of the apostle Paul, which will serve not only as an explicit proof that the object of the atonement was to secure the holiness and salvation of men, but also as a guide to

our thoughts, in showing how the atonement is fitted to accomplish that object,—as a guide in setting forth its recovering and sanctifying influence. It is in his Epistle to the Romans. (I give a corrected translation.) “For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God did; sending his Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin (or as a sacrifice for sin); condemning sin in the flesh,—that *the righteousness of the law* (the righteousness which the law requires) *might be fulfilled in us*, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.”

The apostle in this testimony sets forth the sanctifying influence of the work of Christ, by comparing it with the influence of the law for this purpose. Let us take the same course as it respects the chief part of his work, the atonement.

I. And first let it be observed, that the atonement of Christ, while it does in respect to sanctifying influence what the law could not do, does also in that respect what the law did: in other words, the atonement conserves the sanctifying power of the law.

The influence of the law to promote goodness in men, though often overlooked or underrated, is very important and essential. It has not indeed proved sufficient, of itself, to secure human holiness; but that, as the apostle says, is due to the weakness, the liability or proneness to fall, of the flesh, and by no means proves that its influence to sanctify is not great. Its influence, while alone, to recover a being who has once sinned, is, indeed, much less than it was to retain him in holiness before he had sinned; since it cuts off hope of restoration to divine favor, even if he repents. For his sin, according to its degree, the law consigns him to punishment. Yet, notwithstanding these qualifications and abatements, great is the influence of the law to sanctify.

Let us consider that influence. What is it?

It is not merely the influence of so much promised good to the obedient, and of so much threatened suffering to the disobedient; that is a very inadequate view of the matter. It is the *influence of God, manifesting his feeling and his will*: it is the embodied influence of God, the infinitely wise, just, and good. His law is the expression of his judgment of what is right and best for his subjects, and of his earnest desire and decided will that they should do it. In the law, the infinite Father of us all comes before us, clothed in the authority of perfect wisdom, goodness, and righteousness, and says, “To be good is to be righteous and

blessed yourselves, and to bless others ; to be selfish is to be wrong and wretched yourselves, and to injure others. I command you to be good ; I forbid you to be selfish. I love goodness : oh, do the thing I love ! I hate sin : oh, do not the abominable thing I hate ! ” And, to attest his sincerity and earnestness, to express the force of his pleasure in goodness, and of his displeasure at sin, he attaches to his law, requiring the one and forbidding the other, a glorious reward and a fearful punishment. Now, is there not in this movement of God a strong influence toward goodness, and to deter from sin ? Call to mind who God is, his boundless wisdom and knowledge, his perfect righteousness and love, and say if there is not strong power over the hearts of his creatures, in this expression of *his feelings* and *will* respecting goodness and wickedness, to deter from the one, and to draw to the other. Law is too often regarded as a stern, unlovely thing, — a kind of ugly necessity ; but how far from the truth is such a view ! Good law is always the expression and expedient, not only of justice, but of love, — love, wisely seeking to promote and to guard welfare. And God’s perfect law is the expression and expedient of God’s love, wisely employed to promote and guard the welfare of his creatures, embodying his feelings and will against sin, which curses, and in favor of goodness, which blesses them. And this love of his is seen as truly in one part of the law as in another ; as truly in the threatened punishment to sin, as in the promised reward to goodness : for both have the same object, — the good of his creatures ; both are dictated by the same love and wisdom, as well as justice.

It has, indeed, often been said, that the exposition of the terrors of the law, of its threatened punishment, while it is adapted to arouse salutary attention, has no fitness to melt and sanctify the heart. But this, surely, is a wrong view of the subject. Whenever the terrors of the law are viewed aright, they have a tendency, not merely to awaken, but to win and sanctify, the heart ; for the penalty of the law as truly as its reward, hell as truly as heaven, is ordained by the wisdom and goodness of God, and for the end of blessing his creatures. His love ordained them ; his love to his creatures is seen in the appointment of them ; and his love surely is fitted to win us to him and to his service.

Turn your thoughts a moment to human government. Is it the legislature which abolishes all punishment ? or is it rather that

which appoints salutary and preventive penalties, — which commands the confidence and wins the affection of the community it represents and governs? The community see, in that appointment of salutary penalties, wisdom and goodness; and they see, in that removal of all penalties, either a hateful unrighteousness or a despicable weakness. So God's law, alike in its reward and in its penalty, is an expression of the wisdom, righteousness, and love of God towards his creatures, which is fitted to make them respect and love him, and, through its strong manifestation of his wishes and his will, of his pleasure in goodness and his displeasure at sin, to draw them to goodness.

Now, all this sanctifying influence of the law the atonement of Christ retains, though it sets aside the law's penalty in the case of the penitent and pardoned sinner. Not one jot or tittle passes from the force of the law in this respect. Christ magnifies the law, and makes it honorable. His propitiation renders God just, while he justifies the sinner who believes. It maintains the full force of the law's penalty, though dispensing with it, by expressing, as fully as does the executed penalty, God's displeasure at sin, and his intense desire that his creatures should hate and shun sin. It is divinely testified that Christ offered himself a sacrifice, that God might be just in freeing the believing sinner from the penalty which expressed his justice; and thus it is virtually declared that the expression of justice or displeasure at sin in the one case is equal to that in the other. And, being freely made by God manifest in the flesh, — by him who, in a manner mysterious beyond our comprehension, is one with the Lawgiver, — nothing can be truly objected to its propriety or its sufficiency. Place the two expressions side by side. On the one hand, God forbidding sin by law, and expressing his earnestness in the command, his displeasure at its transgression, by the eternal punishment of the transgressor; on the other hand, God forbidding sin by law, and expressing his earnestness in the command, his displeasure at its transgression, by giving up himself, manifest in the flesh, to die in the transgressor's stead, the just for the unjust, — giving up himself to the agonies of the cross. Surely this last is seen to be, what it is declared to be, an expression equal to the first, — an equivalent manifestation of divine justice. Surely the law issues from the cross of Christ with as much of the sacred and awful force of justice as invests it when issuing from Sinai amid thunderings.

and lightnings and blackness and darkness and tempest, or when written on "the smoke of torment that ascendeth up for ever and ever."

Whatever influence, then, the law has to sanctify (and it is great, as we have seen), that the atonement retains. It shows the law with the glory of its justice undiminished; it makes the law powerful as ever to lead to goodness. This is the first point of comparison with the law.

II. Let us now advance one step further, and observe, in the second place, that the sanctifying power of the atonement far surpasses the sanctifying power of the law, in that it holds out hope to the sinner, if he will repent and strive after goodness.

Herein the law is weak, by reason of the weakness of the flesh. Though man is under no necessity of sinning, and is ill-deserving for sinning, yet he does sin: every man has sinned; and, when he has once sinned, the law condemns him. Do what he may after that, and under mere law, he can never obtain the divine favor. The soul that sinneth, — it shall die. Death is his portion; he can expect none other. And though the justice and goodness of God the Lawgiver, even in his condemnation, call on him still to love and obey God; and though the fact that he is to be punished strictly according to the *degree* of his iniquity calls on him not to add iniquity to iniquity, but to walk in the way of goodness, — yet there is no hope of attaining the rewards of the just, — to the divine favor. There the gate of despair is shut down. The soul that has sinned, — it must die.

Now, this barrier of despair between him who has sinned and the divine favor and heavenly joys, Christ, coming in the likeness of sinful flesh, and as a sin-offering, has removed, and has placed in its stead an open door of hope, — hope! stimulating, life-giving hope! What will man do without hope? With hope, what may he not do? This hope Christ sets before sinful man; yea, pours it brightly all around him. He comes to him in his sin and condemnation, amid all the dark despair which a just law throws over him, and says, in tones of tenderness, "Look up; there is hope. I have borne thy sins on the cross. My blood is a propitiation for sin, such that God can be just, and the justifier of those who turn to him in repentance and fidelity. Repent; seek after goodness; and, for my sake, God will treat thee as though thou hadst never sinned. Look unto me, and be saved."

Yea, he comes thus to the chiefest and vilest of sinners, who feels that his guilt is too great to be forgiven, and says, "There is hope for you, as truly as for any other. My blood sufficeth for all sins, the most heinous as truly as the least. Look unto me. There is hope; there is certainty, if you will believe and obey. Forsake your sins. Turn unto God: he will abundantly pardon. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

And when the sinful man lifts his eye, now brightened with hope, and, looking forward, hesitates, and says within himself, "Ah, the weakness of the flesh, and the power of sinful habits, and the force of thick-coming temptations! if I try, I shall again fall into sin and condemnation;" then Christ, reading his thoughts, answers, "But my sacrifice provides pardon for that. Be not discouraged. If you confess your sin, I am faithful and just to forgive thy sin, and to cleanse thee from all unrighteousness. Begin; press forward. There's hope,—there's hope!"

Oh, what an influence is this to recover man from his sins, to bring his soul into sympathy with God and goodness, and to give him impulse in the path of godliness! What a winning and sanctifying power has the atonement of Christ, when it adds to the influence of law the impulse and the force of hope! What a superiority, for the purpose of recovering men from sin and impelling them forward in the path of loyal goodness, has it over the mere law; giving bright hope where the other gave dark despair, holding up the prospect of divine favor and eternal joys where the other gave assurance of divine wrath and eternal punishment! True is the saying of the apostle, "We are saved by hope." And it is only the atonement of Christ that gives us hope.

III. Once more: the atonement of Christ has great recovering and sanctifying influence, because it is an additional and effective manifestation of God's love,—love guided by wisdom, and guarded by justice,—an additional manifestation of love; for, sustaining the law (as we have seen the atonement does), it expresses the wisdom and goodness embodied in the law; and, over and above that, it manifests love in a new and touching manner.

Now, the power of love over the human heart need not here be illustrated. The whole of life, and every age and day of the world, illustrate it. We know that there is no power like it to

win and control the heart. We know, that, in order to win the affection of human beings, you must evince that you love them ; and, when you have won their affection, where can you not lead them ? The human heart can resist force ; it can resist severity ; it can resist wrath : but it yields to love. It has no arms whereby it can contend with love ; it has no shield wherewith to ward off the arrows of love. Human wickedness is disarmed before disinterested goodness. The labors of the benevolent among the most abandoned dregs of humanity have proved that none ever sink in this life beyond the reach of love. In the heart of the veriest wretch that earth upholds, there is a spot, can you but reach it, that is tender to the touch of goodness. Amiable weakness, misguided tenderness, love that is divorced from justice, or love that has so little wisdom as to do more harm than good, does not indeed command respect. The legislators who should, from weak and misguided tenderness, unbar the doors of every prison, and proclaim impunity for crime, even the guilty would despise, and that while they exulted in the freedom it restored. But love allied with justice and guided by wisdom ; love that guards against harm, while doing good ; love that helps the miserable and guilty, while it upholds the welfare dependent on law, — *this* commands respect and wins the heart.

So the Bible reasons on this subject. “The goodness of God leadeth to repentance.” “The love of Christ constraineth us.” “We love him because he first loved us.”

Now, bear in mind this power of love over the heart, in connection with the manifestation of love in the atonement of Christ. I have said that it is an additional and effective manifestation of love for man. But this is tame and weak language. Indeed, there is no language which is not weak for declaring the love of Christ in his atoning sacrifice. Language cannot reveal its height and depth, its length and breadth. It passeth human comprehension, much more human expression. All we can do is to comprehend all we can, and then say there is more. The Sacred Scriptures themselves, in their language on this subject, seem to stagger with the burden of the theme. They speak as though all other manifestations of divine love, in creation, in providence, in government, grow pale before this. “Herein is love,” say they (as though there is love in the comparison nowhere else), — “herein is love, that God gave his Son to die for us.”

"Greater love hath no man than this, — that a man lay down his life for his friend." "But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Just dwell a moment on this expressive contrast. We are so accustomed to its words, that they pass our lips without making any adequate impression of their meaning. That a *man* lay down his life for his friend. But *God*, not man, — *God*, who created the heavens, and whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, and whom angels adore, — *he* took upon himself our nature, and laid down his life. That a man lay down his *life*, — that he suffered simply death. But the incarnate God, the God-man, suffered, not death simply. Oh, no! It was *more* than the pain of death which drew from *him* that bloody sweat, that earnest prayer, those agonized cries and complaints. These were agonies that mere death, mere martyrdom, never knew. That a man lay down his life for his *friend*, — for his *friend*. But Christ suffered this dreadful agony for *sinners*, — for his *enemies*; yea, he came to suffer by the hands of the very men for whom he died. It was for his very murderers that he came to suffer; and it was for his very murderers that he prayed amid his agonies. Such love! Doth it not pass comprehension?

And this, remember, was not a weak tenderness; not a love divorced from justice and wisdom; not a love that affords free scope and impunity to crime; not a love like that which unbars prison-doors, and lets out felons to ravage society, and encourages and makes felons in society. No: it was a love which commands respect and awe, while it appeals to affection; a love that joins mercy and righteousness in holy league; a love that upholds all the high and universe-wide interests dependent on justice and law, while it stoops to pardon and save those whom the law condemns, yea, which dictated this amazing sacrifice for this very purpose, since otherwise the sacrifice had not been necessary.

Oh! this wondrous work — God in human nature giving himself a sacrifice to redeem a world of sinners and enemies — surpasses all other works of God, in its influence to move and sanctify souls, because it surpasses all others as a *revelation of God*, — because it brings *him* more fully to the minds and hearts of men, — shows forth more fully than any thing else the glory of God, the glory of his wisdom, his justice, his love. Glorious indeed is God in all his works and ways; glorious as seen in the firma-

ment, which he hath arched above us, and studded with countless and resplendent works; glorious as seen in the bright earth, with its fruitful seasons, its scenes of sublime power, and its ordinances of beauty and gladness; glorious as seen in his universal government, with its beneficent law; but, oh! far more glorious as seen in the cross of Christ. There is a fulness of wisdom and love nowhere else seen. There is the clear and safe solution of the problem into which the eyes of earnest angels could not before penetrate, — the problem of salvation for a world of sinners. There is the blended lustre of infinite justice and infinite mercy, — the blessed union of a just Judge and a merciful Redeemer, with one hand upholding the eternal law and throne, the palladium of universal welfare, and, with the other, raising a world of condemned sinners to pardon and life. Or, as Dr. Watts better expresses like thoughts, —

“ Father, how wide thy glory shines!
 How high thy wonders rise!
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands through the skies.

But, when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where justice and compassion join
 In their divinest forms, —

Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe;
 We love, and we adore:
 The first archangel never saw
 So much of God before.

Here the *whole Deity* is known;
 Nor dares a creature guess
 Which of the glories brightest shone, —
 The justice or the grace.”

Now, all this wondrous love, guarded and made sacred by justice, Christ, in his atonement, pours on each human heart, — pours on each human heart, to win it to goodness, to repentance, to rightness of purpose, affection, and action, to sympathy and union, to co-operation and communion with God. With all this marvellous love, the atoning Christ comes to each soul of sinner or saint, saying, “ I died for thee; I died on the cross for love to

thee; I died a ransom for thee in thy sin, to open a just door for thy pardon and life. Will you not now love me? Will you not now obey me? Will you not work with me, and under my command, in blessing others? Will you not dwell with me in my heavenly home?" Oh! who will resist such love of God? Is it not a wonder, a marvel of human wickedness, that any one does resist its power?

Such, brethren (would that it had been more adequately presented!), is the recovering and sanctifying power of Christ's atonement. It retains all the sanctifying influence of the law, fully sustaining it. Then, over and above that, it gives hope—awakening, stimulating, inspiring hope—to sinners, for whom, under the law, there was no hope; and it sets forth this new and amazing expression of divine love for each guilty child of Adam; and all that they *may be holy*,—may be good in heart and life.

And now let it be said, in conclusion, that the atonement, the expiatory work of Christ, instead of being a barren doctrine, is the *great moral power of the gospel*. It is set forth in the Bible as the chief recovering and sanctifying influence, so far as truth is concerned, for sinful men. And we have seen that it is so; for, more than any other, more than all others, it brings God to human hearts,—shows forth and communicates the mingled wisdom and love, justice and tenderness, of God towards guilty and degraded man; and they who undertake to win the world to repentance and holiness without it must fail. They lack the mainspring, the chief motive power, of the system; they lack a supply for man's chief need. You may present Christ as teacher, as guide, as example, as helper, as friend. All this is well; it is very important. It has been, perhaps, too much neglected. It is a side of the scriptural representation of God manifest in the flesh, necessary to a complete view, and in itself charming and influential. But this alone does not meet the case. It does not supply the sorest human want; it does not relieve the great human burden; it does not constitute a ground of pardon on which the mind of a really convicted sinner can rest with satisfaction.

You have read the account of the poor heathen man, who, in his own land, mourning on account of his sins and his exposure to divine wrath, and seeking in vain, amid the foolish and bloody

rites of his country's religion, for a way of acceptance with God, was met by an English sailor, and rudely told to go and learn about the "*Christians' God, who paid the debt.*" The Christians' God, who paid the debt! The words touched the seat of anxiety in his soul, and gave a gleam of hope. He eagerly asked the sailor to tell him about this way of salvation. But he either would not, in his impiety, or, in his ignorance, could not. He went on board an English vessel sailing for London. While on the voyage, he anxiously asked those on board to tell him about the Christians' God, who paid the debt. But they gave him no relief. When he arrived in London, he went about the streets, asking, in his broken English, to be told about the Christians' God, who paid the debt. But the unfeeling multitude rudely turned him aside, till, one evening, he met an evangelical clergyman, on his way to his lecture. He invited the inquiring man to come with him. He unfolded that evening, in a simple way, the plan of salvation; he pointed him to the Lamb of God, who taketh away sin. The benighted man heard with joy. His anxious soul was at rest; his want was met. He saw God (as the prophet says) "a just God, and yet a Saviour." He stood, in faith and hope, at peace with God, on this sufficient ground of pardon.

Thus it is with sinful man all over the globe, when awakened to a sense of God and of guilt. He wants not only a teacher, a guide, a friend, though that teacher, guide, and friend be divine; he needs a Redeemer. He needs "the Lamb of God, who taketh away sin." He needs some one to bear his sins, — to take the chastisement of his peace. He needs to behold "a just God, and yet a Saviour." Nothing short of that suits his case; and that *does*, fully, satisfactorily. And, be assured, the love of God, which *does that* for him, is the love which, most of all, will melt and win and purify his soul. Here is the point in relation to our present topic. The love of God which does this for man — which thus supplies his deepest, sorest want, the love of God in the atoning sacrifice — is the love of God which will melt and win and sanctify him. So it has ever been (has it not?) in the history of man's recovery from sin, and advancement in goodness. Wherever the messengers and servants of the gospel have gone, on its errands of salvation, what is it, whether amid the snows of Greenland, the wilds of America, the sands of Africa, or the

mountains of Asia, — what is it which has arrested guilty man's attention, and touched and won, and by the divine Spirit renewed, his heart? What but the story of the cross; of the Lamb of God, slain to take away sin; of Christ, God manifest in the flesh, bearing our sins, the just for the unjust? And what is it that has most attractive force upon the Christian's heart, and best draws him onward in the path of goodness and godliness, but this very doctrine of the cross?

O brethren! for the sacred and blessed purposes of our ministry, for the purposes of the world's recovery from sin and sanctification to life, use the doctrine of atonement, wield the sanctifying force of the cross. Here, assuredly, is the great renovating and purifying power of the gospel.

And let us individually, my hearers, whether in or out of the ministry, yield our own hearts to this influence of the atonement, to the force of justice and law, to the attractions of hope, to the power of love, in the cross of Christ. Let us remember that the object of Christ, in bearing our sins in his own body on the tree, was that "we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness." Yea, let us remember that the object of God, in the whole mission and work of his Son, as far as we are concerned, was that we might walk, not after the bidding of the flesh, but after the bidding of the Spirit, — was to make us holy. If we are not thus holy, the whole object, so far as we are concerned, fails. If we are not holy, Christ left heaven, became man, taught, suffered, loved, befriended, wept, and died on the cross, in vain, as it respects us. Oh! shall this be? By all the condescension of our divine Lord, we are exhorted to be holy. By all his sympathy, his compassion, his tears, his tenderness, we are exhorted to be holy. By his dying anguish, we are exhorted to be holy. All the voices of his humiliation and incarnation, of his varied life, and of his death, unite in one, — *Be ye holy.*

THE INEFFICIENCY OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

No. 1.

Is not the church inefficient as an aggressive force against sin and wrong? We propose to discuss that question in a plain and simple manner.

We premise, boldly and unreservedly, that there is very little appreciable contrast, in various important moral regards, between the current life of the visible church and the life of the contemporary world. There is precious vitality, indeed, in the faith of many individual believers; but the church, *as the church*, as an organized power, constituted for unintermittent and effective aggression against the hosts of evil, exerts very little express and distinctive force.

If one would verify these assertions, let him first go into one of our prominent commercial communities, and look about him; let him study character and life a while in the throng of its business-men. Who pauses ever to inquire whether the merchant, with whom he proposes to deal, be a member of the church or not, as a question having the slightest practical bearing? Who values the representations of a member of the church, *as such*, one whit more than those of any other person of recognized probity and integrity? Indeed, who is not aware, on the contrary, that the church, as a distinctive organism, is not only powerless at the exchange and in the mart, but is verily lost to view there, — is swallowed up in the flood-tides of traffic and speculation; its members, as a whole, entering into and conducting business with the same apparent motives, the same keen worldly relish, the same respect for wealth, and the power that comes of it, which distinguish and regulate the affairs of the mercantile community in general?

Again: in relation to those momentous social questions that are stirring to its depths the spirit of the age, that it is the glory of our divine Christianity to have propounded, and plainly as to which the church should be in the sturdy vanguard of the army of the reformers, — suggesting all essential reforms, and constituting them reforms indeed, by breathing into them the breath of a Christlike life, — where stands the church? Notoriously, in this

connection, as at the exchange and in the mart, it is taking no distinctive action, it exhibits no distinctive power. Or if, in any quarter, it is found to be uttering itself, its voice is heard half stifled by its own intestine commotions, or else gurgling confusedly and ineffectually from amidst the foul slime of the same prejudices, passions, and selfish interests, that distract and cripple the unsanctified philanthropy of the world at large; so that, in view of the measure of its positive influence, it might as well preserve an inflexible silence, and let society work on, compassed about by its sufferings, its shames, and its degradations,—work on, solving all by itself, in throes of agony, the terrible problem of extrication and progress. Just as though Christ had not left behind him an organism, of which he meant that his own true spirit should be the central life; which should be forearmed,—prompt and omnipotent, therefore, to crush every mad outbreak of evil, and instate and maintain “The True” and “The Right,” all radiant with unobscured glory, on their twin thrones, in hearts, in homes, and in the world.

Thus in these several directions, and in not a few beside them, the visible church, dispossessing itself of all organic and destructive practical life, moves on through this mortal scene, on the same plane of morals, and under the same pressures and limitations of motive and purpose, that characterize the life of the respectable and well-to-do outer world, with which religion is confessedly of no experimental value. Whatever difference may exist between them, is one not of *kind*, but of *degree* alone; therefore it amounts, in the majority of instances, at least in appearance and effect, to no difference at all.

After this brief and calm, but sad and gloomy, contemplation of the church as it is, let us picture to mind a grand ideal of the church as it should be. We all know how much men can accomplish through organization, whatever may be the nature of their cause; even a few men, when they are thoroughly and inflexibly in earnest. We know how they can swell their ranks, and propagate their sentiments, and dispirit their adversaries, and, not seldom, sweep on to ultimate triumph. Take, now, your start from the blessed gospel, and imagine the visible church, that organism instituted by Jesus expressly to be at once the herald of his divine revelation and the champion of its practical development, to be thus thoroughly and inflexibly in earnest. Imagine the spirit of

the Master himself to be incarnate in his professing disciples, and all, thus baptized into the eternal life and inspired by the contagion of the sympathies of a brotherhood so constituted, to be living and working for the spread of the kingdom of God on earth,— living and working as Paul lived and labored, and as Stephen and Peter and John lived and labored, and as pious martyrs and confessors and missionaries have lived and labored; and is there not grandeur and glory in the vision? Deserve you not the church under entirely unwonted aspects, and invested with an express and peculiar life and energy, and furthermore, and of a consequence, with irresistible power? Becomes it not the mightiest, the noblest, the foremost, moral agency in the world; penetrating with reformatory and organic vitality into every quarter of social life and every department of human exertion; destroying abuses, removing oppressions, relieving ills, diffusing the elements of a truer activity, and distributing blessings innumerable, broadcast, over the now fallow fields of suffering and degraded humanity?

Yes, yes! For every one who can even dimly prefigure the objective energies of thorough and organized godliness, we venture to return a prompt and earnest affirmative. And now, progressing a step farther, we ask, when you picture before you the church thus rejuvenated and effective, what do you realize to be its chief characteristic? What imparts to it an energy so sublime, a power so irresistible? Is it not an inspiration such as ordinary worldly principles can neither communicate nor control? Is it not an inspiration, verily, of a strange divine quality, whose first appearance in the world was when it constituted the all-consecrating element of the life of Jesus? Do you not trace it farther, where, caught from him, it purged the motives, sanctified the affections, and fired the wills, of the apostles and early believers, and worked, a transforming and vivifying leaven in the church, under the impresses of its first pure, earnest, pentecostal life? Do you not appreciate, as you still regard the picture of the regenerated church, that while, through its finite relations, it must ever be interlinked with the world, yet it is sustaining its trials, it is encountering its temptations, it is actualizing its ideals, it is achieving its purposes, in the strength and joy of spiritual knowledges and experiences of an entirely different character from all the principles and influences that inspire the Christless world? Indeed, the moment your mind, at my suggestion, began to paint

this picture of the church as it would appear if true to itself and to the Master, did you not descry its constituents, that now are so sadly disintegrated and confused among the elements of common life, flying away from their unworthy alliances and combinations, through the centripetal force of this same strange, divine quality, and clustering firmly around a nucleus of their own, so as to constitute a body by themselves, boldly and sublimely in contrast with all other forms of life and action?

We are now prepared to proceed a farther step. We ask, plainly, why is the church what it is, — so forceless, so incompetent, so dovetailed in and in with the Christless world? It is not that professing Christians are conscious hypocrites: we would repel such an allegation with the scorn it would deserve. Nor is it that they are directly false to their ideal, — crawling meanly on hands and knees, when they should be moving manfully on, with frame erect and eyes fixed on heaven; for there are multitudes, who in their private walks are models of high-toned principle and disinterested philanthropy, working prayerfully up to their standard of duty, yet who, in their social and public relations, are utterly negative in a moral point of view, — of no possible account. The truth is, we humbly conceive, that a large majority of the church are doing Christ's work through insufficient means and under false relations. *That strange divine inspiration*, which we have so readily recognized to be an essential characteristic of a Christlike church, infusing into it its indomitable vitality and victoriously aggressive power, — that same strange divine inspiration the church of to-day does not rely upon as the effective agent of its practical work in society. In a word, the great mass of regenerated men, professors of religion, imagine that the God, of whose spirit their souls are to be the temple, — the Christ, who is to dwell within them, the way, the truth, and the life, — and the eternal world, that is to environ them about with invisible but real and glorious existences, are to bless with their special influences and inspirations only the unseen, interior life of their individual souls. They are only mediately and indirectly to affect practical life and the activities of the world. Thus they unconsciously, but fatally, lop away from their renewed affections some of the grandest fields of possible exertion, and reduce the church of which they are members, — the church, that express body-guard of

Christ and his religion,— to the miserable, paralyzed, indefinite nonentity it is.

But this point, which we regard as of very serious moment, can best be made clear to the mind by illustrations, to which we now ask attention.

In the first place, what is the character of the world's philanthropy? There is a large amount of philanthropy astir in the world,— even the great, on-rushing, working-day world,— without regard to any express gospel parentage. For there is a bright side to the unsanctified spirit, with all its needs,— a bright, joyful side; for it has tender affections, and earnest sympathies, and warm, social affinities, manifold deep, hearty, genial instincts, that bind it to its kind; and, through them, it contracts ties of blood, of neighborhood, of race, and of country. These instincts— under the lead of a conscience not always pleading in vain, even with the worldly; urged, moreover, by a measure of inspiration caught from gospel truth, that, to an extent, impregnates every thing in the world of thought; and impelled also by the example and zeal of the few faithful disciples, who never intermit their holy aims and exertions — are at work against oppression and wrong. And are they sufficient for the contingency? Are they competent to meet and conquer the evils under which mankind are groaning? Have they enough of ammunition in their magazines, and of artillery in their arsenals? and are their forces made up of men who have enlisted for the war, resolute to conquer or to die? Is their philanthropy *principled* philanthropy? Principled! That only is principled which is alive in Christ. And if the visible church, giving free scope to the inspiration of the soul of Christ, were moving on to the redress of human wrongs and the reformation of social abuses, wrongs would be righted, and abuses rectified, we had almost said before to-morrow's sun should sink in the west. They would disappear of themselves. Oh! we thrill, we burn, with imagination of the sublime spectacle that would be presented to the world, if the church were vitalized by the full agencies of the dear Redeemer's spirit, and were marshalling its forces against the oppressions and abuses of the world. Ah! then the kingdom of God were come.

See what the current philanthropy of the land is, and what fruit it bears; how, for instance, it works by fits and starts; how easily it is beguiled from its purposes; how confused it is in

its propelling motives; how it is swayed by selfishness to the right hand, or by prejudices to the left; how partial and irregular, too, it is; how it needs to be whetted into energy by appeals to its sympathies, or braced to resolution by columns of statistics. "Ifs" and "buts" continually obstruct its course; and it does its work imperfectly at the best. Now, this irregular, inconstant, motley thing is not principled philanthropy, — the philanthropy of the soul of Christ. His love admitted no such characteristics of its activities. Ah! professing Christians are philanthropic, as their concern in current and dejective efforts proves, too much on the world's level. So their godliness goes for little or nothing; and Christ is dishonored in the house of his friends. The horizon of the natural instincts does not cover the ground of gospel charity. A new element must have place, — an element that is an attribute only of the eternal life. And that element is the love, that, towering in sublimity of range above the limitations of instinct, is kindled by divine inspiration, and is eternal as the being of the soul. It is that love which derives its sympathies from no special ties and affinities, but which rejoices in God as the Father of the universal family of man. It is that love which has no margin for repugnances or for neutral ground, and into whose vocabulary no such word as "enemy" or "stranger" ever intrudes. For who can be strangers, each to each, — although continents and seas may ever before have interposed between them, although the voice of neither can utter words intelligible to the other, and although there be no community of customs, religion, race, or country, — when the finger of God has plainly writ, on the erect front and lordly brow of both, that they are brethren of a fraternity of which he is the common Father; when, for both, the same Redeemer has died and risen again; and when both are pilgrims to the same eternity? And who can be enemies, each to each, although one may have heaped on the other the foulest of wrongs, when the temper of the injurer simply proves that his soul is estranged from its normal alliances with the perfect love, and his face is set at opposites to his native heaven? — yet more, when, oh how speedily! both injurer and injured must appear before the bar of the All-seeing, to give account of the deeds done in the body?

Such is the love, transcending all mortal instincts, that must possess the souls of professing Christians before the church can

prove a distinctive and effective force in moral fields, and ground philanthropy on principle. Oh, may it soon be thus inspired ! It is a common remark among professors of religion, who hold back from all current efforts for social improvement, that they would be active, were it not that the reformers of the day are so rash and excessive that it would be criminal to countenance their mistakes and extravagances. Admit the worst that may be crowded into such a charge, and what does it prove, save that, had the church been doing its simple duty, no such extravagances could have been indulged in, no such mistakes have been perpetrated ? Emphatically, it is so. Were the church faithful to the power of its organism, and stood forth in the panoply of its might, resolute to assert its supremacy ; moreover, did it set itself at work, in very earnest, to actualize the lofty moulds of love and righteousness that Christ has set before us, — thorough, uncompromising righteousness, — such righteousness as carries the sentiments up to the level of the powers, and there crystallizes them into principles, so as to inspire to the fullest and noblest practical expression of abstract truth ; did it not only contemplate as facts the inexorable laws propounded by Christ, but *feel* them, and that intensely, as duties, and therefore all-pervaded, *saturated*, with the spirit of philanthropy and self-sacrifice, its vital energies more astir to connect those laws indissolubly with every-day events ; and it were infusing the spirit of Christ into public opinion, taking the part of the weak whenever passion and interest were bolstering the tyranny of the strong, and treading boldly out to consequences, in the temper of the Master, wherever abuses are sanctioned and wrongs prevail ; — were it this, in itself, thus doing, where were room for either mistakes or extravagances ? Where, indeed, were vantage, long, for abuses and wrongs themselves to retain a solitary foothold among men ?

L. S. C.

DR. LOWELL AND HIS MINISTRY.

PRACTICAL SERMONS. By the Senior Minister of the West Church. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1855.

OCASIONAL SERMONS. By Charles Lowell. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1855.

THE appearance of these volumes offers a fit opportunity to one who sat under his ministry for more than twenty years to pay the tribute demanded by love and honor to his pastoral care, rather than the cold duty of a critic to their literary merits.

It is seldom in these days that one is called to consider a ministry which has lasted nearly half a century. The old foundations of the ministerial relation are rapidly crumbling away; and, if any others have been laid, men are neither accustomed to the new forms, nor familiar with the new conditions which spring from them. He who was once our teacher, ruler, and guide, is now our brother and familiar friend; he who was once our almost infallible authority and unfailing support is now only our fellow-seeker after truth, — our fellow-sufferer in the hour of trial. If, in the providence of God, such a change has been permitted, there are doubtless good reasons for its existence. We have faith in the absolute power of divine truth; and we do not lose hope of the world because influences that are precious to us, and relations intimately associated with our own spiritual growth, may have proved to be among the things that "pass." If, here and there, some suffering, sinning soul uplifts to God an imploring cry, and beseeches some human sponsor to stand between it and the eternal baptism of fire, not all indifferent to that supplication, let us still acknowledge that the mass of men needed to be taught to think, act, and be responsible for themselves. Yet they may be all this, we think, without forfeiting their need of a great consoler, such as we used to feel our pastor was.

Perhaps no man in the Christian ministry ever acquired so wide a reputation, or took so deep a hold of the hearts of men, without a decided literary position, as the writer of the volume before us. He was, as he once said, the first minister at large. For many years before the establishment of that ministry, the stranger, sick or dying, in our city; the poor man, who had never called any particular church his own; and the famishing, for

prove a distinctive and effective force in moral fields, and ground philanthropy on principle. Oh, may it soon be thus inspired ! It is a common remark among professors of religion, who hold back from all current efforts for social improvement, that they would be active, were it not that the reformers of the day are so rash and excessive that it would be criminal to countenance their mistakes and extravagances. Admit the worst that may be crowded into such a charge, and what does it prove, save that, had the church been doing its simple duty, no such extravagances could have been indulged in, no such mistakes have been perpetrated ? Emphatically, it is so. Were the church faithful to the power of its organism, and stood forth in the panoply of its might, resolute to assert its supremacy ; moreover, did it set itself at work, in very earnest, to actualize the lofty moulds of love and righteousness that Christ has set before us, — thorough, uncompromising righteousness, — such righteousness as carries the sentiments up to the level of the powers, and there crystallizes them into principles, so as to inspire to the fullest and noblest practical expression of abstract truth ; did it not only contemplate as facts the inexorable laws propounded by Christ, but *feel* them, and that intensely, as duties, and therefore all-pervaded, *saturated*, with the spirit of philanthropy and self-sacrifice, its vital energies more astir to connect those laws indissolubly with every-day events ; and it were infusing the spirit of Christ into public opinion, taking the part of the weak whenever passion and interest were bolstering the tyranny of the strong, and treading boldly out to consequences, in the temper of the Master, wherever abuses are sanctioned and wrongs prevail ; — were it this, in itself, thus doing, where were room for either mistakes or extravagances ? Where, indeed, were vantage, long, for abuses and wrongs themselves to retain a solitary foothold among men ?

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OCCASIONAL SERMONS. By Charles Lowell. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1855.

THE appearance of these volumes offers a fit opportunity to one who sat under his ministry for more than twenty years to pay the tribute demanded by love and honor to his pastoral care, rather than the cold duty of a critic to their literary merits.

It is seldom in these days that one is called to consider a ministry which has lasted nearly half a century. The old foundations of the ministerial relation are rapidly crumbling away; and, if any others have been laid, men are neither accustomed to the new forms, nor familiar with the new conditions which spring from them. He who was once our teacher, ruler, and guide, is now our brother and familiar friend; he who was once our almost infallible authority and unfailing support is now only our fellow-seeker after truth, — our fellow-sufferer in the hour of trial. If, in the providence of God, such a change has been permitted, there are doubtless good reasons for its existence. We have faith in the absolute power of divine truth; and we do not lose hope of the world because influences that are precious to us, and relations intimately associated with our own spiritual growth, may have proved to be among the things that "pass." If, here and there, some suffering, sinning soul uplifts to God an imploring cry, and beseeches some human sponsor to stand between it and the eternal baptism of fire, not all indifferent to that supplication, let us still acknowledge that the mass of men needed to be taught to think, act, and be responsible for themselves. Yet they may be all this, we think, without forfeiting their need of a great consoler, such as we used to feel our pastor was.

Perhaps no man in the Christian ministry ever acquired so wide a reputation, or took so deep a hold of the hearts of men, without a decided literary position, as the writer of the volume before us. He was, as he once said, the first minister at large. For many years before the establishment of that ministry, the stranger, sick or dying, in our city; the poor man, who had never called any particular church his own; and the famishing, for

whom others found it needful to seek out a friend, — turned, with an instinct that public feeling justified, to the minister of the West Church. It was because of the broad and generous, the devout and loving heart that throbbed in his bosom. When men had lost friends, they came to him, because no one was so familiar with the sources of consolation, no one could touch so gently the strained chords within. When they married, they came to him ; for no one better understood, or more liberally interpreted, the nature of that covenant ; no one knew so well how to sustain the timid, or subdue the thoughtless, who were about venturing upon it. Precious beyond any earthly comfort was his prayer in the sick-chamber, or his presence at the festive board.

Whatever society he entered he uplifted. No scene so gay but he could lead its careless mirth up to the everlasting Joy ; no hour of sorrow so dark that his beloved countenance might not shed across it one irradiating gleam. Let no scholar, deep in the perusal of black-letter folios ; let no orator, holding the ear of thousands at his will ; let no poet, moulding the life of God and man to forms of beauty, — think lightly of an influence like this. It was a rarer gift than any that either can boast ; for it proceeded from accumulated force of character, — from the power of grace that dwelt within, and diffused itself around him. Exquisitely fine as were the tones of his beloved voice, it was not this gift of God which imparted its peculiar charm, but the depth it borrowed from an infinitely loving heart. It was this love — so intense, so broad, so searching, that it *reminded* us always of the love of God himself — that gave the unction to our pastor's preaching and prayer. He had a most earnest appreciation of the poetic beauty of the Scriptures, and brought it home to the hearts of his people with a readiness and felicity of which Mrs. Stowe's biblical descriptions of Alpine scenery have recently reminded us. No other words sprang to his lips in the hour of sorrow, for no others were so rich with meaning to him. His mind seemed to contain a perfect liturgy, — peculiar expressions always standing in the same relation to the same trials ; but we never grew weary of them, as we might have done of the liturgy of a church, because, however often repeated, they were never uttered save with a solemn earnestness that enthralled the listener, — with a deep conviction that told how precious they were to him, how dear they ought to be to us. His pastoral walk seemed to be as natural

and genial a duty as his parental relation. He needed no parish list. No danger that he could forget the smallest grief of those he loved so well. Never was he puzzled for an infant's name or a maiden's age: he kept a calendar in his heart more authentic than that of the old parish clerk. All the holiest moments of our lives are associated with him. We well remember the sunshiny parlor, in which, when we were seven years old, he laid his hand on us and an infant sister, in baptismal consecration; the pleasant noon, when, meeting us as we came from school with our satchel on our arm, he promised us a gift, if we kept the rank just gained for seven long weeks; and the still pleasanter holiday on which he brought the gift, a copy of Bewick's "History of Birds," a whole edition of which he seemed to have bought up for such purposes. It was he who admitted us to the communion, — to the Lord's table, as he emphatically said, "not his;" it was before him that we pronounced our marriage vow; while he linked to each of these occasions a few golden words that our hearts will never suffer us to forget. Nor would these personal reminiscences have any value in these pages, if they belonged to us alone; but they are the inheritance of all who were born and grew up under his ministry.

To go back to the volumes in question: no heart but must feel the characteristic beauty of the Dedication, which offers the memorials of a whole life, contained in the first, to the sister who had grown up with him from infancy, the wife who shared his maturer years, and the children whose joyous childhood and world-blessing maturity have bound into one golden circlet his past and present.

The volume so dedicated is rich with meaning associations to many of those to whom it is sent. As they read its pages, they will readily recall the inspired earnestness, the affectionate anxiety, with which they were first uttered in their behalf. Many will find in these volumes words spoken for the first time beside their cherished dead, or sketches of those whose gray hair they have honored from their youth up, and whose beautiful presence in the house of God made gladder and more radiant every sabbath morning.

Many years ago, a countryman, wandering hopelessly through the streets of Boston, was accosted by a stranger, who asked him what he wanted. "I want," said he, "to find the man who

preaches *short sermons*." The stranger had no hesitation in pointing out the road which led to the West Church; but, anxious to discover what peculiar hold our pastor had taken of this man's mind, he suggested that the sermons at the West Church *were* very short indeed, and that perhaps the great city might offer to one who seldom entered it others more worthy of consideration. "Not they," responded the warm-hearted rustic. "I never heard him preach but once, and that was before the convention the other day: but I remembered every word of his sermon, as if I had preached it myself; and my wife and I had something to talk of for a week after. I tell you, stranger, that, after he has preached his *short sermon*, there is not much more to be said on the same subject." The title of "Practical Sermons" showed what our pastor himself thought they were, or intended they should be. For ourselves, we find the rustic criticism just quoted very significant. In these sermons — so terse, so emphatic, and so eminently simple — we find lucidly arranged, in an order at once striking and easy, almost every suggested thought in any natural relation to his subject. Here is no poverty of ideas, rather a wise compression; no lack of words, but rather an unwonted flow of them. Our pastor never amplified his paragraphs, but left us to draw our own deductions from his clear and reverent propositions. Accustomed for years to associate the chief eloquence of our pulpit with the character of the man, and the unction of his address, we are surprised, in turning to the printed page, to find it wrought into the very structure of the discourses, raying out from the earnest flow of the thought, and gleaming wherever with a strong hand he draws in the reins of utterance. It is often said by the more conservative among us, who long for the days that were, that they can enter many a church, in these modern times, without once hearing the name of God uttered, or the personal responsibility of man insisted on, save in that cold, abstract, classic way that might have befitted the groves of the Academy or the schools of Alexandria. It was never thus in the West Church. Turn over the pages of the book before us, and you will easily believe it. Not a line but is instinct with devotional ardor, not a paragraph but draws closer the links between man and God. Never a hearer could sit under these discourses without feeling the pressure of duty grow stronger as he listened, — the love of God more imminent, the mission of Christ

more dear. They abound, also, with personal appeals. The listener went home, feeling that he had something to do, sure that his pastor preached, not because it was his duty to do so, — not because the returning sabbath claimed his presence in the pulpit, — but because of the joy it gave him to proclaim what he so fully and joyfully believed. We are struck, too, with the manner in which he dwells upon the family tie. These pages are filled with appeals to parents and children. Whatever subject he presented to his people, he seemed to press upon them both its contrasted relations and appeal to the force of those ties which his Dedication — nay, his whole life — shows he has so tenderly felt. In the hour of bereavement, he made us feel the sacredness, the blessedness, of grief. He taught us to pray, and not to question, — to profit by, not speculate upon, our sorrow. One thought was often repeated in his preaching. It is that set before us in the seventeenth sermon, from the text, "Thou, God, seest me." Never shall we forget how often, when, in our earlier years, he held God up to us as a tender Father, he would add, with emphasis, "Never indulge any thought which you would be unwilling God should know."

When the ladies of our parish first wished to establish a Sunday school, he objected, because he feared that it might tend to diminish the sense of parental responsibility among his people. He consented, however, and afterwards gratefully acknowledged that his fears had not been justified by the result.

Whether it was before this time, or a little after, that he instituted a catechizing class, which he used to hear himself every Saturday afternoon, in a little room in the belfry, we do not remember. We belonged to this class, and always waited anxiously for the "good child," and tender pat upon the head, which followed our best endeavors. It was the fashion in those days, in private schools, to tie the white sleeve of an orderly pupil with a pink ribbon when she went home at night. If disorderly, she was compelled to wear a black one. No words can describe our trouble when forced, on one or two occasions, to wear a black ribbon into the catechizing class. One afternoon, we were busily tugging away at this disgraceful badge, fancying perhaps, like the poor goose in the fable, that he could not see it if we did not ourselves, when he came gently behind us, and, laying a kind hand upon our head, said, softly, —

"We could cut away the black ribbon; but of what use would it be, if we must leave the scarlet trace of it on the cheek, or the darker stain within? My poor child! why should you care so much about my seeing it this single afternoon? Do you not know that God seeth you always?"

It has been frequently suggested that the practice of preaching funeral discourses is going out of fashion. "I have given up preaching them," says a minister, now and then; "for, if I do it for one, I must for all." It was a custom which helped to bind our pastor to his people; and we are sure that he never felt any of its embarrassments. The death-bed of the very humblest parishioner found him, in this sense, always ready. Nay, not merely the death, but the sorrow, the business misfortune, was sure to be followed, on the next Sunday, by a discourse, which those who were in the secret, at least, knew to have special reference to the experience of the last week.

If he could not praise the dead, there was no limit to the comfort he could offer to the living. If he could not restore the riches that had "taken to themselves wings," he could at least point the way to those that "abide for ever." The love in his heart seemed, on such occasions, not only omnipotent, but omniscient; and often might the sufferer wonder how his pastor came to penetrate his very inmost thought.

The volume of "Occasional Sermons" is, as its name implies, quite different from the first. It offers a portrait of our pastor as he is, which none who have seen him in his sick-chamber would be willing to spare. We miss the keen and piercing glance of Harding's portrait, and the significant curl upon the forehead; but we have instead a new charm, — an added sweetness of expression, which reminds us not unworthily of Greenwood and Channing, — which bears witness how all the bitter experiences of life have mellowed within his soul.

Would that we could bear any worthy witness to the life that draws so gently towards its close! Would that he might know how often, as the storms of life beset us beyond the shelter of his fold, we have missed the friend and minister, the tongue that never failed in counsel, the ear that never wearied in hearing!

We have spoken of our pastor in the past tense, not because he has already departed to the better land, but because his active walk among us has long since been relinquished to one whom the

world has no need that we should name. From the sick-chamber to which he has retired, many a pleasant memorial, many a cheering word, has come forth to his people. From it, chastened by a recent trial, so heavy that those who felt it most hardly dared breathe it to themselves as they prayed for him, the first volume came forth. The memories that throng around it cannot fail to bless his people.

Let them, therefore, be permitted to pray that that Presence, which has dwelt with him visibly from their earliest remembrance, may continue to dwell with him to his latest hour, making radiant as sunlight that one clouded moment of transition, which, sooner or later, shall restore him to the lost angel whom he so touchingly deplores.

Should these lines ever penetrate his guarded chamber, may they warm within him old memories of the many who love him ! for they are but a single note in an eternal chime.

C. H. D.

CHRIST AND THE NEW BIRTH.

I CHARGE you to preserve, through all the infirmities of the body and the distinctions of the visible life, a conviction that the Saviour's spirit is the power of your office, and the only hope of this people. Put that idea into permanent possession of your soul. Let it be judge in your conscience, to distinguish the ways of man from the ways of redemption ; let it be the visible star by whose bearings you can at every moment regulate your course. Though God may extend around you, like space itself, infinitely on every side, yet, if you tempt those depths, let the eye be guided by that point in heaven where the Saviour appears ; and, through his light, accustom your soul to receive the light of the Father. For, though the Father may draw you, the course of this attraction lies through Christ ; in him it was first completely accumulated ; and the man who earnestly seeks to redeem his soul will find it true, that no man cometh to the Father but by him.

.... If you incline to think that the salvation of man depends upon the unobstructed development of those faculties which fall, in various degrees, to all people by inheritance, remember the doctrine of the new birth, — “ That which is born of the flesh is

flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit," — and teach your people; that, when they have raised to their maximum the advantages received from their forefathers, they have merely exhausted the impulse of the natural birth; that, however amiable the results may be, they have yet to undergo a vital revolution of every motion in their hearts, and to unseal the spiritual faculties which receive impressions from eternity. Teach them that the natural man receiveth not the things of God: they are foolishness to him, because the first birth has its limitations, and the mind itself is a description of them. It is only when the soul also is born invisibly that the man can be redeemed. And, again, if you sometimes feel, in your genial intercourse with men, the difficulties which retard the application of any moral principle to life, and are disposed to consider them too favorably, from contagion and human sympathy, remember that these are the difficulties inherent in the natural mind, and that you have been elected to this office to proclaim the doctrines of the spiritual mind. If, when the Saviour said, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness," you find that his understanding admitted any qualifications, admit them also, but not without. If you perceive that he ever shrank from the unconditional strength of that verse, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," then you also may shrink, but not without, if you desire to preach the everlasting gospel. Apply these principles to every sentiment and emergency; and let their difficulty be a lively illustration to your people, that the second birth is indeed our great necessity, and the object of all preaching. — *Charge of Rev. John Weiss to Rev. Charles Lowe.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH.

THROUGH me the church sends you its greeting. Not my church, nor any single ecclesiastical connection, nor a summoned council merely, but the *church*, catholic, invisible, undivided, greets you on the threshold of your new ministry. I gladly pledge the great fellowship, and take you into the great communion. The days of theological difference and separation seem drawing to a close. Controversial zeal and practical godliness are regarded as spiritual synonyomes no more. Love of the heart takes precedence over belief of the intellect. Religious truths, like the divine incarna-

tion and human regeneration, are seen to be the central doctrines of Christianity, to lie at the base of all Christian theory and character. In these, we are beginning to find the vitality and love by which the souls of men are inspired and attracted together. Whoever comes into sympathy with these truths is drawn into the brotherhood of the redeemed, into the church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven.

Because I believe there is this new and vital faith abroad, and spreading in our Christian community, and beyond us, in the wide world, I venture to greet you to-day with so large a welcome. All the true religion of our city welcomes you here, into the midst of its cares and toils and temptation. It comes up to this house, and welcomes all the true religion there is in you. — *Rev. Dexter Clapp's "Right Hand of Fellowship" to Rev. Charles Lowe.*

O B I T U A R Y.

[The following notice has been in print before: it is without exaggeration. So much pure, spiritual light is not often quenched at once in any dwelling; so much beauty is not often laid in any grave; so sure a pledge of immortality is not often witnessed at any death.]

DIED in Brookline, Oct. 18, 1855, Mrs. Lucy A., wife of John W. Candler, and daughter of Henry Cobb, Esq., aged twenty-three.

We are seldom called upon to record the death of one more beautiful in character or more mature in Christian faith. Seldom does one so young in years leave a memory so rich in words and deeds of love. She was blessed by nature with a rare union of gentleness and strength, of sensitiveness and firmness, of free, joyous life and deep thoughtfulness. Her face was the true index of her heart: it was marked by purity and earnestness, transparent simplicity, and confiding love. But, beside what nature gave her, religion gave an added power and beauty. Her trust in God was like the trust of a little child. Communion with him was her constant habit. In prayer, she found both joy and strength. A near friend said of her, "Never, I think, was she so happy or unhappy as to forget the necessity of leaning upon her Father in heaven." And, when her last hour came, it seemed as if her hand were indeed in her Father's hand, and her head resting upon Jesus' breast. The final blessing which she gave to her husband, her friends, her children, was as if an angel from heaven had blessed them, — so sweet, so serene, so full of living assurance. She uttered no murmuring thought as she was called to leave the home where there was so much to claim her heart; and, when she parted from her little ones, it was with the same Christian confidence. Her sick-room was lighted with a peculiar light; it was reflected from the deep stillness and peace in her soul.

Many mourn her early death. Many are stronger, nobler, happier, for her life. No heart has any shadow that she cast upon it. She has gone where no shadows are.

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

PUBLICATIONS.

THE large number of books issued and sent in at this season of the year require notices to be short.

Prescott's History of the Reign of Philip II. Phillips, Sampson, and Co. — Historians may be divided into three classes, — copyists, narrators, and interpreters. Those of the first class tell over again, with no original power of conception or of combination, the story as it has been told before, only shifting the arrangement, altering the form, translating the language. Those of the second class first assimilate the whole matter of the chronicles to their own minds, entering with vital conceptions and real sympathies into the life of the age to be recorded, and then reproduce the annals in a fresh narrative strictly their own, yet without reaching into the organic powers, the providential meaning, or the moral laws, of the subject. Those of the third class trace events to their causes, view them in their divine relations, set them into the light of philosophy, and derive from them comprehensive historical and ethical generalizations. The works hitherto produced by Mr. Prescott belong to the second of these classes, and in the front rank of that division. They do not pretend to philosophize; they lay no claim to the prophetic character. They are spirited, living, graceful, complete narrations. They are among the proudest fruits of American literature thus far, as they certainly will be among the most permanent. As such, the seal of universal favor has been set upon them; they have taken their sure place among the classics of the English tongue; and the learned author has reached a seat of honor in the world's intellectual fellowship high enough to reward any reasonable ambition. With a patience of examination, a carefulness of collation, and a thoroughness of research, made the more remarkable by the want (or great imperfection) of eyesight; with a pure, perspicuous, and sometimes elegant style; and with great felicity in the choice of subjects, — he has already achieved a most satisfactory success. What future triumphs await him, his friends, and the friends of our national fame, look eagerly to see. In "Philip the Second,"

the author has in no way fallen below the mark set by his own distinction. Not only the great political junctures and public conflicts of the last half of the sixteenth century, as they agitated both the Peninsula and the Continent, are here exhibited; but a brilliant picture is presented of the manners, the ceremonies, the court-pageants, and the general life and culture, of the times. We behold, in orderly and animated succession, the complicated incidents of an age of revolution; while we trace the illustrious career of the powerful monarch, whose supreme aim it was, through appalling difficulties, to maintain the cause of Rome against the rising Protestantism of the North, if we should not say of humanity; and who sought the security of his own crown, by first seeking the ascendancy of the Catholic church.

India, Ancient and Modern. By DAVID O. ALLEN, D.D. J. P. Jewett and Co. — Dr. Allen is well known, not only as a devoted and faithful missionary in the East, but as an historical scholar, and a gentleman of various accomplishments and general culture. Laid aside from his chosen work by impaired health, he has rendered a valuable service to letters, and incidentally to Christianity, by applying his eminent qualifications to the production of the careful and copious work before us. Such a work was greatly needed. It contains a large body of information not to be found, whether in a fragmentary or systematic shape, in any library in this country. An outline of the whole history, and an account of the mythology, the rites, the literature, the arts, the manufactures, the industry, the social habits and ranks, the native great men, the European population, the British management, the government and laws, are all skilfully and lucidly compressed into an octavo volume of six hundred pages. Such a repository of novel and interesting and reliable matter must be eagerly laid hold of. It would stock a smart lyceum lecturer for a whole campaign.

Patriarchy. By JOHN HARRIS, D.D. Gould and Lincoln. — In this sequel to the "Pre-Adamite Earth," and "Man Primeval," those human relations are considered, in all their breadth and consequences, which appertain to the family. The patriarchal estate is regarded as a grand historical and organic institution, sustaining an important connection both with the divine government and with the development of humanity. From a full consideration of the primitive economy of this institution, and its implication in the probation, progress, and redemption of mankind, the able writer goes on to investigate the providential intentions in the ordinance of marriage, and the sanctities of home, with the Christian duties springing from the relationships and intimacies of

domestic life. Thus a treatise in some parts quite argumentative and scholastic, showing throughout evidences of a thinking and devout habit, tends to a very practical issue.

The Heathen Religion, in its Popular and Symbolical Development. By Rev. JOSEPH B. GROSS. J. P. Jewett and Co.—Mr. Gross protests against the common ignorance and carelessness which so uniformly misrepresent paganism, by overlooking the important fact that all false religions are growths in the human mind, mostly sincere in their spirit, and always partaking of the general moral culture and ideas of the ages where they flourish. In the prosecution of his argument, he enters into an intelligent analysis and exposition of several mythologic systems,—the Egyptian, the Hindoo, the Scandinavian, the Persian; besides giving interesting facts and hypotheses respecting religious forms and functions,—priesthoods, games, mysteries, festivals, oracles, divinations, auguries, mythical topography, and the physical, pneumatical, and moral character of the principal gods.

Modern Pilgrims. By GEORGE WOOD. Phillips, Sampson, and Co.—Mr. Wood, alias "Peter Schlemil in America," unquestionably has gifts for this kind of writing. His books are of that class that commonly get to the public eye without the help of the critics. Whereas it is the office of "notices" to aid some works into circulation, in a case like this their errand is rather to comment upon what most persons have seen and judged for themselves. We cannot say that a "take-off" of ecclesiastical manners, however absurd, or of theological heresies, however weak, is precisely that sort of composition which a high-minded Christian gentleman would be likely to look back upon with the greatest satisfaction; nor that the relish for such highly spiced dishes of satire and ridicule is the healthiest of sensations; nor that the "travel to the Celestial City" is not here spun out to a somewhat tedious degree. But in the multiplicity of minds, the monotony of theological essays, and the abundance of correctives, perhaps there is room for some such uncanonical weapons: certainly some of the follies assailed deserve the castigation they receive. Our own mind, in reading, is about equally divided between entertainment at the "hits" whose real objects we are able to identify, perplexity in not being able to identify others, and fatigue at the elaborate masquerade kept up through two unequal volumes. We doubt whether Dr. Wayland will rejoice at the odd way in which he is made responsible.

Sabbath-Evening Readings on the New Testament: St. John. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E. J. P. Jewett and

Co. — There is a good deal here besides a commentary on the text, and, in fact, very little of that. The author gives his views of things generally, with the verses of John's Gospel for headings. Much that is true, much that is serious and edifying, much that is anti-Romish, much that is insignificant, much that is repeated, may be found on the comely pages. There are probably houses where such a book would be considered a treasure: any person can have our copy by calling at the editor's door. The last of the author's two *titles* naturally translates itself into *Fricassee*; a word that not inaptly describes his present production.

The Heart of Mabel Ware. J. C. Derby and Co., New York.—The wretched "romance" bearing this name deserves nobody's time, money, nor respect. The style, the story, and the sentiments, are equally small, sickish, and silly. Our copy goes into the fire; and the house is cleaner.

Phænixiana; or, Sketches and Burlesques. By JOHN PHÆNIX. D. Appleton and Co. — Whoever reads in this collection of odd papers — which, however, are of very unequal merit — will undoubtedly laugh. It may be safely taken for dyspepsia. The pieces were first printed in California. Of the author, who is a graduate of West Point, and whose whole course has been a kind of practical joke, we have heard as funny things as any in his book.

The Onyx Ring. By JOHN STERLING. Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. — Those who are not acquainted with Sterling need not hesitate to buy this beautiful creation of his brilliant mind. Those that know him only through the contrasted biographies of Carlyle and Hare will be glad to renew and extend their acquaintance with him through one of his own productions. Those that remember "Hymns of a Hermit," in Blackwood, will recognize the same genius here, — if they do not recall the tale itself. It is to be hoped the compiler of the next hymn-book will insert in his collection the verses mentioned as being read by Hastings in his sickness.

The Irish Abroad and at Home; at the Court and in the Camp. With Souvenirs of "The Brigade." D. Appleton and Co. — With a proper mixture of pathos and humor, considerable historical reference, literary allusion, and frequent poetical quotations, the "Emigrant Milesian" makes out a tolerably readable duodecimo.

A fifth edition of JOHN WILSON'S *Treatise on English Punctuation* is for sale by Crosby, Nichols, and Co.

Village and Farm Cottages. D. Appleton and Co. — HENRY W. CLEAVELAND, WILLIAM BACKUS, and SAMUEL D. BACKUS have

jointly prepared a volume, with the above title, deserving the highest respect. Buildings are educators of the popular taste. Their exposure to the public eye gives them a constant influential, as well as monumental, efficacy; and so every architect — nay, every private citizen that builds — is charged with a weighty responsibility. The rapid spread of our rural population, and the multiplication of rural residences by persons who are able to consult elegance, render such a work as this extremely serviceable. If every citizen planning a country-house would only look over its hundred handsome engravings, he would be pretty sure to avoid some unsightly blunder, or add some suggested grace to his edifice. Much more would this be the case if he were to read the text.

Plain Talk on Home Matters. Phillips, Sampson, and Co. — Some sensible, judicious person offers this admirable advice for the direction and encouragement of servants, of both sexes and all classes. The idea appears to be novel. Perhaps the chief obstacle in the way of its success is the hopeless stupidity of so many of our domestics, and the suspicion of the brightest ones that all friendly counsel offered them is interested counsel, either for Protestant or personal ends. But it occurs to us that the views of the book may be applied indirectly, if housekeepers will first read it, and convey the thoughts to their servants as opportunities offer. Many do this now. A part of it is meant for the house-keeping class, often needing admonition as much as the other party. Whatever employer begins to read about what lies so close to the common experience — and a trying one too — will keep on to the end.

Buds for the Bridal Wreath. Crosby, Nichols, and Co. — Marriage, Home, Love, Discipline, Heaven, — these are the topics of five beautiful addresses to the newly married, on their sacred relations and duties. Every word seems to be spoken out of a deep and tender heart. The highest and most spiritual appreciation of wedlock is manifested throughout. Such views are urgently needed to correct the false habits, the flippant speech, the levity and coldness, which too often degrade and chill married life, in all ranks of society. The author, we believe, is one of the best of the liberal clergy, settled in one of the most prosperous towns in Northern Massachusetts.

Sargent's Standard First Reader, for the Youngest Learners. Phillips, Sampson, and Co. — Mr. Sargent has now completed his series of readers; and, long before they were finished, they had been so extensively adopted into use by the schools of the United

States, that, to commend them at this hour, is only to re-affirm the decision of the most competent judges. This juvenile issue contains whatever is needful for beginners. The pages are enlivened, to the child's eye, by appropriate illustrative cuts; and wise, practical directions are offered to the teacher.

The Year-Book of the Unitarian Congregational Church for 1856, by the American Unitarian Association, embraces the usual calendar, statistics, a good allowance of reading-matter, and blank pages for memoranda, — all in a neat form.

The Christian Slave: a Drama founded on a Portion of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." By H. B. STOWE. Phillips, Sampson, and Co. — Our readers are aware that this dramatization was done for the public readings of Mrs. Webb, a colored woman. The scenes selected from "Uncle Tom" are well chosen for effect; but the publication adds nothing to the interest of the original work.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

The difficulty of providing gift-books, or any other books, for children, is no longer one of discovery, but of selection. The supply is unusually copious, just in the holiday season; and, choosing from the following list, buyers can hardly choose amiss.

C. S. Francis and Co. publish *Northern Regions*, in which "Uncle Richard" puts into simple yet exciting language the adventures of Captain Parry, Cochrane, and Franklin, — a book of which we have competent authority for saying it is "just the thing for boys;" — also, BARBARA HOFLAND's *Stories of Genius*, — including *The Son of a Genius*, *The Daughter of a Genius*, and *Alicia and her Aunt*; — also, *A New Flower for Children*, — including several stories, in her own rare style, by MRS. L. MARIA CHILD, — certain to be laid hold of eagerly.

D. Appleton and Co. have an elegant illuminated edition of *Jack the Giant-Killer*.

Brown, Bazin, and Co., offer *All Aboard; or, Life on the Lake*, — by "Oliver Optic," who knows very well what will take with boys, and contrives to weave into his story, and not merely put at the end of it, the moral that "the way of transgressors is hard;" — also, *Bertha's Christmas Vision: an Autumn Sheaf*, — another collection of stories and verses, written in an uncommonly pure spirit and graceful style, by HORATIO ALGER, jun., a literary gentleman of high promise.

Crosby, Nichols, and Co., add to their large assortment *The Bears of Augustusburg: an Episode in Saxon History*, — by

GUSTAVE NIERITZ, translated by TRAUERMANTEL, with other tales, — written with a genuine appreciation of children's taste and imagination ; — the same may be said of *Molly and Kitty* ; or, *Peasant Life in Ireland*, — with other tales, from the German, by the same translator : and of *Sobieski and Hedwig* ; or, *Love of Country*, — from the French, — lives of patriots, not only full of fascinating incidents in themselves, but calculated to stir the heart with some feeling of the nobleness of self-sacrifice and devotion ; — also, *Heart-Songs*, — a handsomely bound selection of some of the finest and most touching lyrical compositions to be found, and not altogether familiar nor easily obtained, except in large works ; a volume specially prepared for a gift, by "N. E. A.," who writes a poetical introduction, and adapted not only to the young, but to the mature.

Whittemore, Niles, and Hall, who show excellent judgment in their publications, send us *Saint Gildas* ; or, *The Three Paths*, — by JULIA KAVANAGH ; wherein three boys, of different social standings, meet, encounter various fortunes, and continue firm friends for life ; — also, *The Blue Ribbons*, by ANNA HARRIET DRURY, — a fascinating story of the last century ; wherein she that seemed to be a fairy turns out to be no such thing.

Phillips, Sampson, and Co., issue *Violet* : a *Fairy Story*, — one of the most charming of all the juveniles we have examined, instilling gentle and refined feelings : and *The Great Rosy Diamond*, by Mrs. ANN AUGUSTA CARTER, of similar attractions, with illustrations designed by Billings.

PAMPHLETS.

The Tables Turned, &c., &c. — This is a chapter in the tedious controversy among Orthodox Congregationalists about the Tract Society's policy in relation to slavery. The dispute may be legitimate, for aught we know ; but we have no time nor taste to follow it. Any religious society that is afraid to condemn slavery openly should disband.

Dr. Ephraim Peabody's *Sermon on the Occasion of the Death of Judge Wilde* is an eminently fair, careful, and forcible representation of the Christian character of that distinguished and venerable man ; the discourse being marked by the clear-sightedness, conscientiousness, and satisfactory completeness, characteristic of the author's productions.

MONTHLY RECORD.

[Under this head, we propose to insert such items of religious and literary intelligence as may be gathered, in the course of one's reading, from other sources than our familiar newspapers.]

THE constitution of Spain, of 1855, provides that "no Spaniard or foreigner shall be persecuted for his opinions or belief, as long as he does not manifest them by public acts contrary to religion." This is regarded as a great advance upon all preceding constitutions, which have interdicted any form of religion except the Roman Catholic.

Sir John Bowring, writing recently from China, says, "I think our greater knowledge of this country increases the evidence in favor of the approximate correctness of the official census returns of China; and that we may, with tolerable safety, estimate the present population of the Chinese Empire at three hundred and fifty millions of human beings."

Austria has lately decreed, "That, in all the public schools of the Lombardo-Veneto kindom, the teaching of the German language, conjointly with the Italian, shall be imperative and compulsory until the year 1860; and that after that year, then and thenceforward, the German shall be the sole and exclusive language permitted to be taught in the schools." This measure must have an immense influence upon the progress of Protestantism in Northern Italy.

There are, at the present time, two hundred and fifty students in the London Workingmen's College, seventy of whom attend the class in French. Although the fee is but nominal, the institution is nearly self-supporting. The drawing-class is developing abilities of a high order.

It has recently been decided, in an English court, that a clergyman of the Established Church can validly perform the marriage-service where

he is one of the parties to be married.

The 16th day of last October was the three hundredth anniversary of the burning of Ridley and Latimer. The event was duly commemorated in Thurgarton, Leicestershire, England, — the birthplace of Latimer. A sermon was preached to a crowded congregation; and, at the banquet, addresses were made by clergymen of various denominations. At Oxford also, the scene of the martyrdom, appropriate religious services were held.

The association in England for the "Liberation of Religion from all State Control" is displaying great activity. Public meetings are to be held this winter in the chief provincial towns, and lectures from earnest and eloquent speakers have been engaged.

One of the objects of interest to travellers in Scotland has disappeared. The "Governor's House," in Stirling Castle, has been entirely destroyed by fire.

By the recent concordat between Rome and Austria, dated Nov. 5, 1855, an important step has been taken towards a separation of the temporal from the spiritual functions of the Papal power. "In consideration of the times, the Papal chair consents that the purely temporal affairs of the clergy — such as rights of property, debts, and inheritances — shall be examined into, and decided on, in temporal courts. For the same reason, priests guilty of criminal offences are to be tried in the temporal courts, the bishop being duly notified of the fact; but convicted priests are to be separated from civil delinquents, and imprisoned in a monastery or other ecclesiastical building." These concessions are made with the usual art of the Papacy, "*in consideration of the times*," and may hereafter be revoked.

Cambridge has followed the example of Oxford in publishing a series

of essays by her most distinguished scholars.

On Thursday, Nov. 22, 1855, the corner-stone of the "Midland Institute" was laid at Birmingham, England, by Prince Albert. In the sensible speech he made on the occasion, he vindicated science, — which is sometimes disparagingly contrasted with practical skill on the one hand, or genius on the other, — and contended that the universities were in error in confining their attention so much to the mathematics and languages. He would have them devote more time to metaphysics, psychology, physiology, jurisprudence, and political economy. Lord Ashburton, in the course of his remarks, observed, that, since the peace of 1815, England had fallen behind in the cultivation of arts and sciences, and that other nations had outstripped her in the race. For the remedy of this state of things, he looked to popular institutions like that they were inaugurating.

The manuscripts of Bernardin St. Pierre have been purchased by the municipal authorities of Havre, — a beautiful tribute to the memory of a delightful writer by the city of his birth.

The entire population of Russia is estimated at sixty-eight millions. In seventy-two parts out of one hundred of the country, there is but one person to every one and one-fifth square mile; while, in the remaining twenty-eight parts, the population does not exceed one-tenth of that of the civilized portion of Europe. In a country so sparsely settled, its greatest security lies less in any concentration of force than in its wide reaches of uncultivated territory.

It is interesting to mark the extent to which the people of Holland have made the *wind* their servant. It is stated in a late scientific work, that, in Holland, there are eighteen thousand windmills, possessing ninety thousand horse-power. Of this, two-thirds, or sixty thousand horse-power, are required to drain the land.

In Vienna, there are published, at the present time, fifty-nine journals, of which twenty-five are devoted to the various departments of science, and the rest to politics.

A deputation from Aix-la-Chapelle has recently visited Berlin, to

memorialize the Prussian Government to break up the extensive gambling-houses in that city. It is hoped that the citizens of Baden-Baden will follow the example. These two places are the head-quarters of the gambling operations of Europe.

On the 16th of last November, a "monster" concert was held in the Palace for the Exhibition of Industry, in Paris. There were 1,250 performers. The structure was not found suitable for musical effect. A fact was ascertained which shows how little the acoustic properties of public buildings can be foretold, — "the piano passages were heard with most distinctness."

In a late address by Rev. William Berrian, entitled, "A cool and just View of Trinity Church," it is stated that the net annual income of the property belonging to that New York corporation amounts to \$54,705.

An English paper says, "The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel" has already opened a fund for the erection of a church in Turkey, and in the mean time, acting under the sanction of its President, the Archbishop of Canterbury, has resolved to send out, with all convenient despatch, two chaplains for the special benefit of the English sailors, shipping agents, storekeepers, and other temporary residents at Constantinople and the neighborhood."

The question of organs is a vital and critical matter with Presbyterians. A Liverpool journal mentions that "the presbytery of Lancashire held a special meeting at Manchester, for the purpose of deciding whether organs should have any *locus standi* in Presbyterian churches within their bounds. After full discussion by a full court on the merits of the case, there appeared, on a division, that fifteen members were in favor of organs, — four members being the minority. This decision ends the question locally till the synod meets next April, in St. George's, Myrtle Street, where the first organ has been introduced."

The "Five-Points Mission," in New York, is continued with activity and success, as appears from the published journal of its proceedings, — an interesting monthly, which has just completed its second volume.